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SKETCHES OF PARIS, No. 2.

PALAIS DE JUSTICE.

THE Pont du Change conducted me across a branch of the Seine, into the little island known by the name of *Cité*. After a short walk I found myself in a semicircular space, before which arose an irregular and gloomy pile of antique buildings. In front thereof was a spacious court, enclosed partly by a richly-gilded and lofty iron railing. One side of the court was crowded with a miscellaneous assortment of shops and cafés, while upon the other I recognized, in a dark Gothic edifice, the holy chapel, of which I had recently read a description, and whose existence is ascribed to the piety of Saint Louis. Entering the court, I ascended, by a flight of many steps, through one of three portals surmounted by statues of Justice, Prudence, Abundance, and Strength, into a large and dimly-lighted hall. It was a hall of the Palais de Justice. I was in the great centre of the administration of French law. I was where daily congregate the judges, the clients, the advocates of Paris.

The first object that particularly attracted my notice was a little red-visaged woman, located near the door in a sort of glass bureau, above which were largely painted these words—"Lecture et abonnement de journaux." Around her were ranged some fifteen or twenty newspapers, among whose titles I recognized the following:—*La Loi*—*Le Droit*—*Gazette des Tribunaux*—*Journal Général des Tribunaux*. Every now and then a person would advance to the bureau, touch his hat, take a journal, walk off a few paces, read it intently for a few moments, then return it with a *sous*, receive the smile and the *mercie* of the dame, touch once more his hat, and

profoundly bowing, walk away again. Nearly adjacent was a little room, warmed by a central stove, and around whose sides ran a tier of benches. These were occupied by silent Frenchmen, the eyes of each fixed fiercely upon the loaned gazette before him, some of them in elegant apparel, and some in those shattered habiliments which here, as well as elsewhere, reveal, alas, the patron and the victim of the Law.

Walking onwards, my attention was next arrested by these words over the entrance to some small cabinets—"Bosc ; costumier des cours et tribunaux." Over these cabinets likewise presided a female. Their walls were hung about with black vestments, while upon their two or three shelves were ranged several small band-boxes. The mystery which at first surrounded these cabinets was soon dispelled. A gay-looking gentleman, with an immense bundle of manuscripts,—not a green bag,—briskly advanced, and entering one of them, twitched off his coat and hat, thrust his arms into a *manteau* which the damsel held wide-extended for their reception, suspended a white band beneath his chin, clapped a black unrimmed *toque*, or cap, upon his head, and seizing again the huge mass of papers, rushed away. Two minutes had sufficed to work an extraordinary metamorphosis. He who had entered the wardrobe a brilliant Parisian, smacking of the Boulevarts Italiens or the garden of the Tuileries, came out therefrom a costumed *avocat*, much resembling those funereal portraits we sometimes see of the judges of the Inquisition or the antique doctors of the Sorbonne.

Following his steps, I soon stood upon the vestibule of a larger hall, to which that through which I had just passed, seemed but an avenue. It is called *La Salle des Pas-perdus*. When, centuries ago, the palace was the residence of the kings of France, this hall was the hall of royal banquets, of nuptial festivals, and for the reception of ambassadors. At yonder extremity stood a huge block of marble, the state dining-table, to which were admitted none save those in whose veins ran the blood of emperors, or kings, princes, or peers or peeresses of the realm. The hall is of ample dimensions, more than two hundred feet in length and eighty or ninety broad. It is divided by arches into two collateral naves, with vaulted ceilings. Here and there upon the walls were large posted bills, legal notices and adjudications, among which I particularly noticed some enormous sheets containing an epitome of the criminal business of the preceding month. First came the date of the trial,—then the tribunal,—then the name, age, and residence of the culprit ; then a description of his person,—then his crime ; afterwards his punishment ; and finally, a reference to the articles of the code by which he was tried and condemned. A long and melancholy list it was

of the aged and the young,—perpetrators of crimes, many of them too dark and damning to be named; such as legislation, in its delicacy, seldom provides against, and which may not often be found blackening other than the criminal annals of France.

The living scene before me was somewhat curious. This is the great Westminster Hall of Paris; it was thronged with moving multitudes of both sexes and of all ages. Here was the grisette in wooden shoes and neat white cap. There was the city dame in silks and plumes. Here were lounging country loons, and at their side was the mechanic, or the merchant, or the idle gentleman of the metropolis. Among them all was intermingled a suitable quantity of the police and the military. Some were here merely to promenade through the spacious hall; some to witness the criminal trials; some dragged hither by compulsory litigation; and some, perhaps like myself, to see another form of Paris life. Here and there in the miscellaneous company was an *avocat* or an *avoué*. In black cap and sombre robe, and bearing a huge portefeuille or a huger bundle of manuscripts, he walks up and down the space. Sometimes he has his hands behind him, and his eyes intent upon the marble floor, for he is cogitating out a case. Sometimes he moves about this way and that, with an inquiring expression which seems to ask if you have any thing in the legal way to be transacted. Sometimes with his brother *avocat*, he is engaged in discussing the justice of a recent decision whereby he loses. The extraordinary gesture, the queer modulations of voice, arrest your steps; and, impressed by the costume, and the language, and the tones, you almost fancy yourself translated, for a moment, back among those imaginary professors of the law who live to be ridiculed in the *Plaideurs* of Moliere.

In different quarters of the hall were some dozen *Ecrivains*. An *ecrivain* is a little dried-up man—sometimes a woman—who holds himself ready to do any sort of writing. He is in great favor with the grisettes and all the common people. They seem to place unbounded confidence in whatever he says or does. There he sits behind his desk in a comfortable arm-chair, itself flanked by two others for the convenience of his customers. His black woollen cap is stuck significantly upon his head, his nose is pinched within a pair of huge green glasses; and as he listens to a dame or damsel, stating in her diabolical patois what she wishes to have written down in a petition, his mouth and eyes take an expression of important gravity which is quite irresistible. Before him upon his desk, are, among other things, a seal, a calendar, a snuff-box, a bunch of used-up pens, a roll of bread, whereof every now and then he takes a crumb, and a little volume whose title you perceive to be *Les six codes*. Hav.

ing listened to a case, he hems two or three times, adjusts his green glasses, takes snuff, looks for a moment into *les six codes*, and finally takes pen and paper to commence operations. He can afford to be important and at his ease, for he is in great demand. His desk is almost always surrounded by half a dozen white caps, whose bearers are each unacquainted with the law and the quill, who are patiently waiting to entrust some little commission to his ability.

From the *salle des pas-perdus* you may pass immediately into nearly all the court rooms of the palace. Before leaving it, I paused for a moment to contemplate a statue of Malesherbes, the upright minister, the fearless defender of Louis XVI. On one side is a representation of Fidelity under the form of a female attended by a dog, and on the other stands a statue of grateful France. The work is interesting from certain associations, but as a specimen of art, will detain you for only a moment.

Leaving the hall by a dark avenue, over whose entrance is written *sixième chambre*, I was soon in one of the eight chambers into which the Tribunal de Premier Instance is divided. Before me, in black silk robes, and long white bands depending from beneath their chins, and velvet caps with a silver braid encircling each, were ranged, in a semicircular row, five judges and one deputy judge. This and the seventh chamber are for misdemeanors; the six others take cognizance of civil matters. Of these tribunals, which correspond to the English courts of Common Pleas, there are 361 in France. They rank next above the courts of "Judges of the Peace," of which there are nearly 3000 in the kingdom. In them seldom practise the *avocats*, but *avoués*, whose number at Paris is one hundred and fifty.

Entering, I perceived three or four of the municipal guards of Paris, armed with swords and muskets, stationed at the door and in different parts of the court room. A trial was going on. A middle sized one-eyed woman was on the prisoners' bench. She was accused of having in a wrathful moment seized one of her neighbors by the throat, of having then and there held firmly on, wrenching the same, and thereby working much discomfort unto said neighbor. "Un Temoin," shouted the huissier. "Jean Battiste," exclaimed a man, with a paper in his hand, at the other end of the room, at the same instant opening the door of the witnesses' apartment. The witness advanced. The president judge addressed him and received answers as follows: "Votre nom et prenom?" "Jean Battiste." "Votre age?" "Fifty years." "Votre profession?" "Grocer." "Votre demeure?" "Rue Clichy, No 58." "Levez votre main. You swear to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth?" "Oui, monsieur," replied the witness. "Faites votre declaration,"



said the judge. This was all despatched with a rapidity and non-chalance which surprised me. I could not but recall and contrast with it the administering of an oath, which, a month previously, I had witnessed in Scotland. There the judge first lectured each witness on the nature, solemnity, and responsibilities of an oath. Then, himself solemnly rising, and raising his right hand, he bade the witness do the same, and to repeat after him,—“I swear by Almighty God,” “I swear by Almighty God,”—“as I shall answer at the great day of judgment,” “as I shall answer at the great day of judgment,”—“to speak the truth,” “to speak the truth,”—“the whole truth,” “the whole truth,”—“and nothing but the truth,” “and nothing but the truth,”—“as you shall be asked,” added the judge. The impressiveness of this form of service seemed to go beyond the witness to each one within the circumference of the judge’s voice. It was as good as a Sunday sermon on the ninth commandment.

As soon as the French judge before me had said,—“faites votre declaration,” the witness began. He was going on with vociferations, and multitudinous shrugs and inexplicable gestures, when he was interrupted by the prisoner screaming out in her highest key, “Faux, faux, faux, faux.” The wrath of her lost optic was concentrated in, and flashing forth from the single one which remained. “Silence,” said the huissier,—“Chut,” said the president judge,—“Paix,” said a gen-d’armes; and then the deputy judge interposed his speech, and two avoués interjected their voices, and the assembled spectators burst into a roar, and still the cry of the prisoner was audible above them all. Peace was at length restored, and the prisoner sat down with a threatening wag of the head at the witness, which seemed to say, “I’ll fix ye when the trial is over.” Alas! the result was against her, and in a few moments she was conducted out, her arm locked affectionately within that of a gen-d’armes, while her head and tongue still wagged, as much to the annoyance of the court as to the amusement of divers curious spectators that thronged the apartment.

From this chamber I walked into one of those of the *Cour Royale*. Of these courts there are twenty-seven in France. They are composed each of a president, of as many vice-presidents as they have chambers, and of counsellors or judges to the number of twenty-four, and sometimes greater. This at Paris is peculiar, and does not seem to lack machinery. It has a premier president—five presidents—fifty-four judges—seven consillers auditeurs—one procureur general de roi—four avocats generaux—eleven deputy advocates—one registrar in chief—five subordinate registrars—fourteen huissiers or executive officers—one printer—nine physicians—

five surgeons—three chemists—and three interpreters of foreign languages. To this court belong about 840 *avocats*, and *avoués* to the number of sixty. It is divided into five chambers, three of which are civil, one is for appeals from sentences for misdemeanors, and one for indictments. This is likewise the court from which are selected the judges who compose what is called the Cour d'Assises, a tribunal of merely criminal jurisdiction. The *avocats* who practise in this court are *licenciers en droit*; that is, they have studied *three* years in one of the nine law faculties of France, *after* having graduated at one of the forty royal colleges in the kingdom. They must likewise have passed *two* examinations; one in the Roman law, and one in the civil and commercial code of France, and in the practice of the courts. The title of *avoué* is given to one who, having studied *one* year at a faculty or law school, has passed *one* examination in the civil code and in the procedure of the courts. He is appointed by the king, on the recommendation of the court in which he designs to practise. The *avocats* and *avoués* have each their societies for maintaining the discipline under which they perform their duties.

The judges of the chamber into which I now passed, were costumed black and mysteriously, like those of the inferior court I had just visited. The case before them was not uninteresting. Jean Jacques Pillot had, without proper authority, established a church, *unitaire et reformatrice*; and had, moreover, himself usurped the sacerdotal robe. For these offences, he had by an inferior tribunal been sentenced to six months' imprisonment. From that sentence he had appealed to the Cour Royale. Ferdinand Barrot, brother of the celebrated orator of the Chambers of Deputies, was his defender. The throng in the court room indicated that the case had awakened some popular interest. It seemed to be one involving liberty of conscience. The speech of the procureur general was full of warmth, and here and there burst forth strains which, judging from their effect upon the audience, must have been good specimens of French eloquence. For myself, I was not much impressed. So far as the French *language* is concerned, I can comprehend a French lawyer; but when I come to the strange modulations of his voice, and his multitudinous gesticulations, I confess myself rather at fault. These avenues of his thought are to me incomprehensible. I have never been accustomed to hear ideas expressed by such startling, and wide vocal transitions. I have never been accustomed to see that expression attended by such rolling of the eye, such contortions of the visage, such shaking of the fingers, such countless combinations of body and arms,—combinations which seem to me to have nothing to do with the idea coming at the same time from the mouth

of the gesticulator. The language of a French advocate's fingers, and arms, and body, was ever to me far more difficult to interpret than the language of his lips. The famous shake of Lord Burleigh's head conveyed an intelligible sentence. When, however, a French lawyer in uttering an indignant sentiment fiercely tears his *toque* from his brow, and dashing it upon the table before him, instantly re-seizes, to place it once more upon his discrowned top, I am less fortunate than those around me, since a mode of expression which seriously impressed them, is no otherwise than laughable to me. This violence of delivery is not peculiar to the Bar; it pervades all French conversation. You shall see it likewise at the theatre. It will speak to you even from the pulpit. When I say that the speaker before me was fluent in the extreme, I only repeat that he was a Frenchman. To me his volubility seemed next to marvellous. Words chased words from his lips with speed incredible. When he had concluded, Ferdinand Barrot arose, and with energy uttered a good deal of French law and much good common sense. I was somewhat amused, when he cited the authority of a learned judge of the Cour de Cassation, to hear the president interrupt him with the remark, that living judges were continually changing their opinions, beseeching him at the same time to cite the authority of those who were deceased, of whom, said he, there is quite a sufficiency. With him the death of their author was indispensable to confer validity upon his opinions. The power to change them having ceased, their value was no longer a question. Barrot smiled at the judge's superstition or his waggery, and continued his well-digested argument. The way was wide open for him to make a large and moving speech on freedom of conscience. He did no such thing. He walked within the narrow sphere prescribed by the facts of his case. It was not until the very last moment that he grew vivid and eloquent, while congratulating the court and country on the re-awakening of a purer religion in France, and the gradual decline of infidelity, of the *école Voltairienne* as he was pleased to call it. This was done in a style which apparently went through every man in the room. The movement was universal. He did not succeed, however, in getting reversed the sentence of the inferior tribunal. Sieur Jean Jacques Pillot had, indeed, a right to the benefit of the fifth article of the charter which provides: "Chacun professe sa religion avec une egale liberté, et obtient pour son culte un egale protection." But he must enjoy that right in conformity with certain legislative enactments. He had not so done. A huissier waited upon him to prison.

From the Cour Royale I passed, threading many dark and labyrinthine passages, into the *Cour d'Assises*. The name had in it

something of sadness. It is given to those tribunals before which is arraigned the crime of France. It recalls incests, and parricides, and all dark deeds in a number and atrocity that have no parallel. Of these courts there are eighty-six in the kingdom. As already stated, they are organized out of the royal courts, three or four judges being selected therefrom to perform the duties. An attendance upon them will, to the philosophical observer, lay far more widely open than any other single agent can do, one of the moral aspects of France. At the time I entered, a man was on the prisoners' bench, accused of the murder of his wife. The witnesses were all questioned *by the judge*. Their examination was not in the presence of each other. One feature in this part of the proceedings I was pleased with. After each witness had made his declaration, the judge asked the prisoner if he had any thing to say respecting that testimony. Whereupon the accused, if he pleased, arose, and either contradicted, or confirmed, or explained it. The judge listened patiently, pointing out familiarly any contradictions, and sometimes even argued the matter with the prisoner. I am sure, that in several instances explanations of the accused threw an illumination over passages that otherwise would have remained dark and inexplicable. The testimony having been heard, the jury were, by the officer of the government and the prisoner's counsel, addressed. These are the only courts of the kingdom in which juries are known. Their number is twelve, of whom *seven* are sufficient to convict an offender. In this case their verdict was Guilty, "*mais avec des circonstances atténuantes.*" Now, under this *mais* is contained a very important qualification. When a jury find an accused guilty, *but* with "extenuating circumstances," the court has no right to deliver the culprit over to the penalty which the law has made a consequence of his act; they *are bound* to sentence him to some punishment less severe. *How much* less severe, lies within the discretion of the judge.

Leaving this tribunal, I returned to the *Salle des pas-perdus*, and reading upon a door, over which was a winged figure, in bas relief, of Justice with her scales—"Cour de Cassation," I entered, and found myself in a circular anteroom. Here my companion paused to give me a few words of information about the court I was soon to visit. "Its origin," said he, "goes no farther back than 1790. It is the highest tribunal in France. It is composed of a premier president, three presidents, and forty-five judges, appointed for life by the king. To it belong one procureur general du roi, six general advocates, a chief clerk, and four deputies, eight bailiffs, three interpreters of foreign languages; and in it a college of sixty advocates has the exclusive right to practise." "Another in-



stance," interrupted I, "of vast machinery in your judicial organization." "Yes," replied he; "our system, though simple to comprehend, demands for its service a large quantity of heads and hands. We have nearly four thousand judges and about three thousand justices of the peace. The system, however, works pretty well. We find it far preferable to the *bailliages* and the *parlemens* which existed previously to the great Revolution. Nor do we pay very high salaries. Our lowest officers, justices of the peace, receive 2400 francs per annum; and our highest, the judges of the Cour de Cassation, but 15000. The presidents receive each 20,000 francs, and the premier president 40,000. This court, as I was about to observe," continued he, "does not take cognizance *du fond des affaires*, but only of cases brought up from inferior jurisdictions, and involving informality, or some misapplication of the law. *Elle casse les jugements et arrêts*. It quashes or breaks judgments, and hence its name. It is divided into three chambers, called Sections of Requests, of civil and of criminal cassation. When these chambers are assembled, they may, among other things, censure the judges of the royal courts, and even suspend them from their functions."

I chanced to be now present at one of these general and solemn sessions. The scene was to me not uninteresting. The room is spacious, and most richly gilded and carpeted. Over the chair occupied, when he presides, by the Minister of Justice is a portrait, large as life, of Louis Phillipe. At the opposite end of the apartment are two seated statues of D'Aguesseau and L'Hopital, names illustrious in the jurisprudence of France, and on the latter of whom I had very recently heard an admirable eulogy. This room is that in which were held the *parlemens* of Paris from the time of St. Louis till the Revolution of '89. Before me, ranged around one half the large apartment, were forty-five judges. Each was clad in a black robe of silk, with a wide crimson sash encircling his breast, whose down-hanging extremities were adorned with golden tassels, and over all was thrown a large red mantle, richly embroidered. Some in their velvet caps looked senatorial, some half-slumbered, and some occasionally exchanged whispers. I heard a faint, monotonous voice. It came from an individual at the farther end of the room, almost concealed in folds of particolored ermine, with a *toque* encircled by two golden bands upon his head, and a large star, the badge of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, suspended from his left breast. He was flanked by three venerable men in similar costume. This was Count Portalis, peer of France, and premier president of the Cour de Cassation. He was reading a report. When he had concluded, he descended into the open space, assembled

around him one half the judges, asked their judgment for or against the principles advocated in the report just read, and then called upon the remaining half for a similar purpose. This body, of which many were peers of the realm, and all of whom were eminent in the law, impressed me by their elevated bearing and their amiable and intellectual expressions.

The court soon rose. Each section retired to its apartment. I remained with that of criminal cassation. An appeal of interest had been brought up to it. An avocat had, for exceptionable language, been, by the Cour d'Assises, suspended from his functions for one year. The Cour de Cassation was now to decide upon the justice of that suspension. Mr. Scribe, his defender, having spoken one hour, concluded thus:—"I now close. A voice long dear to all the Bar will soon be heard. That voice has seldom failed. I sincerely hope and trust in God, that on this solemn occasion it will be triumphant." A man aged about fifty arose. There was nothing striking in his features. His forehead was rather low, his eyes small and grayish, and his mouth was any thing but intellectual. This man, nevertheless, was the most profound, the most comprehensive, the most renowned lawyer in all France. It was Charles Dupin, procureur general du roi before this tribunal, and president of the Chamber of Deputies. I heard Dupin for two hours. I compared his with the highest specimens of judicial oratory I had heard in my own country. He had not the finished, Corinthian, illuminated eloquence which characterized Wirt, nor yet the Doric massiveness which belongs to the voice, and manner, and thought of Webster. He has, however, something which doubtless subserves his ends far better than either—an elastic and quick vivacity, a fire that seems momentarily to set his little eyes and countenance in a blaze, with a vigor and *nerve* in his action which proclaim that there is power within. The man enchains your eye and thought. His voice, however, wants tone. Indeed, uttering a language having so much of the nasal twang about it as the French, I hardly perceive how it could have *tone*, as that word is understood with us. Those full, round, solemn notes, those rich swells, those impressive cadenzas, which are heard in good pronunciation of the English, I have seldom found in French speakers. Charles Dupin makes use of the same wide and squeaking transitions that characterize all the Parisian lawyers whom I have heard. His gesticulation, too, is of the common kind. The fingers play their usual conspicuous part. Now and then he smote loudly his hands together; and several times he folded, swiftly and spasmodically, his arms, and as suddenly outthrust them from their fold. The listening Frenchmen liked all this. The crowd to hear the great lawyer was

immense. There were several "prolonged sensations." I observed an individual taking frequent notes, continually exclaiming "parfaitement," and bowing his head, in assenting admiration, to every sentence the speaker uttered; and a man at my elbow pronounced it all a *most brilliant improvisation*. The speech being concluded, the court retired to the council chamber for consultation. I departed to visit the Cour des Comptes, and the adjacent prison of the Conciergerie, a prison sanctified in my imagination by the memory of Marie Antoinette, who passed from its dungeons to her scaffold. The day, however, was too far advanced, and I reserve these visits for some future occasion.

J. J. J.

## THE LOVES OF THE COLORS.

BY J. H. CLINCH.

"————— nec color  
Certa sede manet.—" HOR.

## I.

WHERE yet hath never ventured mortal sight  
Where it shall never venture—in the blaze  
Which robe-like girds the flashing orb of light,  
A palace tall its gorgeous front displays;  
And golden shafts their diamond summits raise  
Aloft, supporting cornice rich and fair,—  
And sapphire gates flash back upon the gaze  
Of spirits' eyes the radiance trembling there  
In one incessant flood—one concentrated glare.

## II.

There, ever since that fiery globe hath hung  
High in blue ether's boundlessness, hath Light  
Held her fair Court, and, when old Time was young,  
There stood before her throne and in her sight,  
Four\* gentle spirits, beautiful and bright;—  
Two of the softer sex,—the other two  
Stood forth in manly grace and manly height,  
Ready and prompt their sovereign's will to do,  
To pierce night's darkest shades, or Heaven's own boundless blue.

\* The four *primitive* colors—violet, blue, yellow, and red. The other three are *secondary*, being formed by a mixture of some two of the primitive.

## III.

The dark-eyed Viola,\* and fairer still,  
 Flavia † the golden haired ;—gentle and pure,  
 Thoughtless of aught but daily to fulfil  
 The pleasing cares they grieved not to endure ;—  
 And oft would friendly sympathy allure  
 Their more robust companions to their side,  
 To ease their tasks, and aid them to secure  
 The subtle tints they sought to grace the pride  
 Of their much honored Queen, or deck the palace wide.

## IV.

Rubil ‡ and Azurim § their names,—both bold,  
 Active, and free ;—youth's bright and vermeil glow  
 Adorned the one, while the blue veins which rolled,  
 Or seemed to roll—life's tide, and spread the flow  
 Of health upon the other's brow of snow,  
 Along his cheek their azure lines displayed  
 Wandering in blended beauty to and fro  
 Beneath the flushing skin, and softly spread  
 A faint empurpled tinge o'er all his graceful head.

## V.

Nor was it theirs alone to skim the blue  
 Unbounded sea of space, or deck the seat  
 Of Light with varied glory and rich hue  
 Of changing color in assemblage sweet ;—  
 Their duty daily summoned them to meet  
 On the Sun's highest hill, and thence to send  
 The sunbeams to the earth,—and, adding heat,  
 They caused the hues which each supplied to blend  
 In one delightful whole, all Nature to befriend.

## VI.

So close the union, that the piercing eye  
 Of Genius and Philosophy but late  
 Hath learned the threads of genius to untie—  
 To separate their fibres—and unmate  
 The close connexion ;—to its first estate  
 Reducing each, when Newton taught to urge  
 Through glassy bars, three-sided, smooth and straight,  
 The hueless beams,|| thence bidding them emerge,  
 Compelled by potent Art at angles to diverge.

## VII.

Gentle their tasks, and gaily flew their hours,—  
 No pain they knew,—no heart-corroding gall ;  
 But brief their bliss, and pitiless the showers  
 Of grief too soon upon their heads to fall :—  
 A power, before unknown in that bright ball,

\* Violet. † Yellow. ‡ Red. § Blue.

|| The seven prismatic colors, when blended in due proportion, produce white.



Crept in to stain their life's untroubled tide,—  
 A power, whose reign extending over all  
 Far as Light's own, hath by its empire wide  
 More victim hearts subdued than all Earth's powers beside.

## VIII.

That power was Love :—first Azurim before  
 His potent sceptre sank ; the flame that glowed  
 Within his bosom bade him view no more  
 Fair Viola, as one to whom he owed  
 The calm, cold words of friendship ;—but he showed  
 In every tone and look the ardent power  
 Of passionate affection. His abode  
 Ere long was filled with bliss ; the nuptial hour  
 Had passed, and he had led the virgin to his bower.

## IX.

And Rubil too, the soft infection felt,  
 And Flavia was its object ;—day by day  
 With ardent vows before the maid he knelt,  
 And tried a thousand arts his court to pay ;  
 And soon his wooing won the sylph away  
 From Light's abode to where his bower arose  
 Of fire-wreathed amaranth ;—every heart was gay,  
 Unconscious of the clouds which interpose  
 Their darkly threatening frowns, full charged with showers of woes.

## X.

Though sorrow came not yet, but fuller joy ;  
 For Azurim, delighted, in his hall  
 Gazed on the features of a dark browed boy,  
 The same whom mortals now Cyaneus\* call ;—  
 And Rubil saw a brighter radiance fall  
 Around his brilliant dwelling, as his child—  
 The bright Auraria, † played beneath its wall,  
 Waving her auburn tresses,—and he smiled  
 To watch her motions free, her childish gambols wild.

## XI.

And so far all was well ;—but ah ! how vain,  
 E'en in the house of brilliancy to deem  
 That bliss can be unchanging ;—Love again  
 His adverse power exerted, and a dream  
 Of dark, illicit passion dimmed the stream  
 Of pure affection, which erewhile had flowed  
 Unsullied in the hearts of Azurim  
 And Flavia false as fair ; and dread the load  
 Of grief that thence arose in Light's distressed abode.

\* Indigo, produced by an union of Violet and Blue.

† Orange, produced by an union of Red and Yellow.

## XII.

And all that friendship's holy power could do  
 Their troubled mistress did, to stem the tide  
 Which daily more and more impetuous grew,  
 Till honor sank amid its tumult wide;  
 But all in vain was each expedient tried  
 To lure them from the path of sin and shame;  
 The Queen's pure heart well-nigh within her died  
 When, lovely offspring of illicit flame,  
 To light, but not to joy, the sylph Viridia \* came.

## XIII.

Conjecture whispered too that Rubil's art  
 Had won at times from Azurim away  
 The love of Viola, and that apart  
 Often in secret bower alone they lay,  
 And that a hideous imp deformed the day,  
 Fruit of their lawless loves—to mortals known  
 As Niger †,—though perchance Suspicion may  
 Falsely accuse *sometimes*, and there have grown  
 Charges of blackest guilt from words at random thrown.

## XIV.

Howbeit the Queen within her palace halls  
 Holds high and solemn court, and to her feet  
 The false—the guilty—the suspected calls  
 To hear the doom they must resolve to meet,  
 And thus condemns them :—" Since my sacred seat  
 Love hath disturbed, one only way remains  
 To heal the wounds of his unholy heat,  
 And drive the misery from these glowing plains,  
 Which else again may rise with deeper, deadlier pains;—

## XV.

" Depart to earth ;—to mortals with ye bear  
 Your love and jealousy, and false vows vain ;  
 Fly with your beauties and your falsehood there,  
 Nor to this blessed home return again :—  
 Thou, Viola, ‡ suspicion's doubtful stain  
 Atone by ruling o'er affection true ;—  
 Thou, Azurim, § shalt even bear the pain  
 Of hearing mortals to thy perjured hue  
 Give Constancy's pure name, and call *thee* changeless too.

\* Green, produced by a mixture of Blue and Yellow.

† It is said that Black may be produced by a mixture of Red and Violet.

‡ "The purple light of love."

§ Blue is generally supposed to betoken constancy—"True blue."

## XVI.

"Thou, Flavia,\* shalt be called of fickleness  
 The guardian sylph, O false and faithless one!  
 And still the memory of thy crime shall press  
 With fuller force when, banished from the sun,  
 Men shall reprove the deed that thou hast done,  
 Calling Viridia † to a throne of shame—  
 E'en Jealousy's pale eye that all shall shun ;—  
 Thou Rabil, for suspicion haunts thy name,  
 Shalt live in Hope's ‡ bright leaf, yet tinge illicit flame."

## XVII.

She ended, and they all in silence heard  
 Their several dooms, knowing the sentence right,—  
 No mitigating plea—no softening word  
 Had they to urge against the doom of Light ;  
 But straight prepared them for their downward flight,  
 Yielding their bowers to others, whom the Queen  
 Deigned from the fields of ether to invite ;  
 And farewell songs to each remembered scene  
 The sorrowing Spirits sang, with many a sigh between.

## VIOLA.

Farewell, loved home ! To earth I go,  
 Leaving the brightness of thy glow.—  
 I go to tint the mountain's cone  
 When the day wheeleth low  
 His chariot from his lofty throne,  
 And Eve's dim shadows throw  
 Their veil round mountain, stream, and tree,  
 And o'er the vast and silent sea.  
 I go to paint some lowly flower—  
 Some gauze-like cloud at evening hour,  
 Then hasten from its yielding breast  
 To sleep within the Amethyst.

## AZURIM.

Farewell, loved home ! to Earth I fly  
 To tinge the clear, bright summer sky.—  
 I go to give a lovely dye  
 To many an Earth-born flower—  
 I go to dwell in Beauty's eye,  
 And give it light and power :  
 I go the Sapphire to adorn,  
 And o'er the lake to strew  
 Beneath the light of early morn  
 Its soft, cerulean hue.—

\* Yellow, the badge of fickleness.

† Green belongs to jealousy on the authority of the poet, "Green-eyed monster."

‡ Red is the color of hope, as well as of love.

## FLAVIA.

Farewell, loved home! To Earth I turn  
 My flight, to bid the Topaz burn,—  
 To gold its color to bestow,  
 And give to many a flower its glow ;—  
 And when the bounteous Autumn reigns  
 Brightly to paint the waving plains,  
 And tinge the Elm's, the Maple's leaf,  
 Before its fall with glory brief.

## RUBIL.

Farewell, loved home, a long farewell !  
 I go to Earth with man to dwell :—  
 I go to tint the blushing cheeks  
     When Love,—with whispers low,  
 And glances from the soft eye,—speaks,  
     And sweetest feelings flow ;  
 I go to tint the lovely rose  
 And tinge the clouds at Evening's close,  
 And throw my light o'er many a gem  
 That sparkles in the diadem.

## CYANEUS.

Mine to paint the thunder-cloud—  
 Mine to paint the ocean proud—  
 Mine Heaven's concave to enrobe  
 When Night's shadows clasp the globe.

## VIRIDIA.

Mine to tint the robe of spring—  
 Verdure over Earth to fling—  
 Mine the Emerald to tinge—  
 Mine the Ocean's vest to fringe—  
 Tell of hope and tell of grief  
 By the hue of changing leaf,\*  
 And, alas ! 'tis mine to be  
 Tell-tale dark of Jealousy.

## AURARIA.

Mine to tint some lovely flower  
 Flashing in the summer hour—  
 Mine 'mid Autumn trees to rove—  
 Mine to seek the citron grove—  
 Mine to tinge the glowing sky  
 When daylight's beams begin to die.

## XVIII.

And so they passed in sorrow from the sun  
 To distant, hopeless exile ;—on a ray

\* Dark green betokens hope—pale, willow-green, grief.



Shot forth at early morn, the wanderers run,  
 And soon the cheerless earth beneath them lay;  
 And each departed on his several way,  
 And hastened to his own peculiar sphere,  
 Yet oft they meet when clouds obscure the day,  
 And over Earth the gorgeous rainbow rear,  
 Or bid around the Moon the halo's zone appear.

*Dorchester, Massachusetts*

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## A TALE OF A SNAG.

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FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A RAMBLER AT HOME.

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EVERY body remembers the complimentary admission of the Englishman in relation to the Mississippi—that it was a very fine river for a *new country*; a declaration which is, however, only remembered to be laughed at, as an excellent joke, illustrative of the illiberal, all-decrying spirit of so many British travellers in America. The jest would not have been so obvious, had the traveller added that “the Mississippi would have been a much finer river if in an *old country* ;” for he would have then spoken a truth not to be denied by any informed and reflecting mind. It is only in a mountainous country—the only *old* portion of a continent, as every one with the least tincture of geological science knows—that rivers appear in their true grandeur and beauty. Immensity of expanse and endless leagues of length are as nothing without the accompaniments of noble scenery along the banks. The Amazon and the Nile, ploughing their way through flat deserts of mud and sand, are but overgrown, unromantic ditches, from which the traveller longs to escape, to exchange their gigantic tameness for the smallest brooks chattering among cliffs and foaming over precipices. It is more to his magnificent banks than to the historic associations connected with them, that father Rhine owes his supremacy over all the rivers of Europe; and the same cause—the glorious assemblage of hills that follow him almost to the ocean—has elevated the Hudson into a similar pre-eminence among the rivers of the United States, nearly all of which flow, for two thirds of their length, through a level alluvion of their own forming. Of such a character is the

Mississippi, a dull monster, winding his sluggish way through a wilderness of bog and forest, and often swelling above it. When Nature, in some new act of creation, has heaved up the reeking valley a few thousand feet higher, and studded it with peaks and promontories, with chains of Alps and Andes, the Father Water will be worthy of the admiration it can now claim only as being the finest canal for commercial purposes in the whole world.

But, destitute of beauty, of every element of the romantic and picturesque, as the Mississippi really is, it must be confessed that it possesses many remarkable features of interest, and that the impression it leaves on the traveller's mind is deep, strong, and abiding. Its very deformity becomes, after a time, impressive; and the imagination is stirred by the desolation that haunts its borders,—those banks of mouldering clay, bristling with dead trees, or tumbling under the weight of the green forests they bear with them pellmell into the flood,—those never-ending groves of cottonwoods springing from the flats—those walls of willows sagging too and fro in the current, in imitation of the more formidable snags and sawyers that vibrate in deeper water, hard by—those verdant pillars, the ruins of branchless trees matted over with ivies and peavines, jutting from protruding banks,—those long festoons of Spanish moss swinging from the boughs, like cobwebs spun by Brodignagian spiders,—those rafts of drift-timber lodged upon the low islands; in short, the thousand other features that mingle into monotony along the whole course of the river from the Ohio to the sea.

The first effect of the Mississippi on the mind of the traveller ascending it—the coast, or region of plantations, once left behind—is undoubtedly weariness, if not even disgust. Its scenery, varied only by alternations of river and chute,—the one wide, proud, majestic, the other narrow, with a fierce and turbulent flood—by windings and contortions that exclude all distant prospects, and make one feel as if in a kind of moving prison—oppresses and almost stupifies the spirit. A feeling of exile, of exclusion from the world, preys upon it; and melancholy creeps over every thought. The solitudes become more solitary; the cottonwoods rise in double gloom; the boughs and the tree-tops, as you brush by them round some projecting point, rustle in sadness; and the gush of the river has in it something sullen and sorrowful.

It is then, amid these solitudes, that the voyager begins to feel an interest in the river. A species of superstition steals into his mind, and gradually endows the flood with vitality. He is no longer floating along a mere watercourse; he feels as if resting on the bosom of some majestic monster, which heaves under his weight, but with no sympathy for his feeble human yearnings. In all com-

mon rivers, a little poetic feeling enables one to find something like sentience and congeniality in their waters. One can fancy that a bubbling brook rejoices with him; that a river, dashing gaily along over bright pebbles and sands, ripples up to his feet as if with the sportful inclinations of a living creature; or, if his mood be darker, he can discover in the sounds the echoes of his own plaintive murmurs. At least, if we do not think so, we act as if we felt it, and rejoice or murmur with ordinary waters as with a friend. But there is no feeling of companionship in the Mississippi. A few days upon his bosom, and we feel ourselves unworthy his regards; we laugh or mourn, and the monarch of rivers passes on with majestic unconcern. He is too great for friendship; he was made for reverence, for fear, for awe; feelings which creep, one after the other, into the mind, and subdue it.

And then comes the thought of his prodigious length, of the vast volumes of element collected from the four quarters of the wind, and borne, with the wreck and ruins of mountain, prairie, and forest, and of all living things that peopled them, to the Mexican sea, which, half filled up by him already, he is destined, sooner or later, to convert into dry land. That withered branch floating by may have been torn from a fir on the ridge of the Chippewyan; that quivering log flourished once, perhaps, a noble pine, on the top of the Pennsylvania Alleghanies or the Unikas of North Carolina; that bundle of grassy weeds was a sheaf of wild rice from the neighborhood of the Lake of the Woods; and that stalk of prickly pear has wounded the foot of the hunter on the plains of Mexico.

One thinks of his boundless extent, and looks upon his surface for the evidences of his boundless power. There is a treacherous calmness over it all; the noisy billows, the merry ripple, that animate common rivers, are here seldom seen. The Mississippi flows along like a river of oil or lava, "still-vexed," not agitated, a succession of secret whirlpools, of sucks and eddies that boil below, with scarce a mark of their fury visible on the surface. It is a flood that seems to be constantly convulsed—but convulsed like a strong-hearted sufferer, who conceals his throes in his own bosom, bearing a placid countenance even when the turmoil within is greatest. One cannot look long at the Mississippi, and wonder why so many powerful swimmers who have fallen into it, have sunk, never again to rise.

In a word, the Mississippi is the most august of rivers, and few men can ascend it without paying, in some mode and at some time or other, the homage of awe. I have often, in the gloom of evening—for at that hour a double solemnity rests upon the scene—watched its effects on the minds of my fellow-voyagers

—men of all characters, grave and gay, the boisterous and the thoughtful—thronging the boiler-deck of our goodly steamer, all engaged in their several amusements. The cards (woe's the word!) rattle on the table, (if a table be there,) the jest goes round, prankish tricks are played, songs sung, and merry stories told; all is jollity and laughter. But by and by, as the evening darkens on, some one more contemplative than the rest casts his eyes upon the tide, forgets the mirth around him, and is subdued to reverential awe. He calls the attention of those near him to some customary object—a great tree gliding along, a sawyer rising to the surface, a raft collected at the head of an island, a bank falling in, a torrent whirling from a chute, a distant steamboat flashing down like the wind, an eddy boiling up from below, or a whirlpool sucking down a floating bough—all common-place and every-day objects, but all equally significant of the power of the great river: they look on, and also forget the song and jolly story. Others imitate them, one by one; and presently all eyes are fixed upon the river, all lips are for awhile silent, all breasts filled with vague reverence. Such is the tribute that human nature—often unconsciously—pays to the Mississippi.

It is in those serious evening moments that men, who have voyaged often and long on the Mississippi, and stored their memories with the thousand dismal legends of disaster with which its history is fraught, feel most inclined to unlock their stores for the benefit of their neighbors. They are then sure of listeners, and of listeners in the right frame of mind. The solemn feeling awakened by the river itself, is doubly increased when we listen to the tales of tragedy, now associated with almost every point of its navigation.

Of these stories I have heard, and could record enough to fill a volume; and, indeed, I once had some thoughts of venturing before the world with such a publication, not doubting but that the nature of the subject and the name—“*Steamboat Chronicle*, or a History of Disasters by Steam on the Mississippi,”—would ensure great success to the undertaking; but upon informing a bookseller of my design, he assured me the work would not do. “There is no occasion for it,” said he; “men that are curious about steamboat accidents on the Mississippi, have but to refer to the daily papers, each of which is a history—or each of which, at least, contains a history, a never-ending history, of steamboat disasters, published *one chapter a-day!*” My bookseller was right, and I was convinced. I leave the subject to be handled, as usual, by its daily historians.

It was my fate, however, to hear on one of these occasions spoken of, a story of a remarkable catastrophe, A Tale of a Snag, which, I



believe, has never made its way into any newspaper ; for which reason, and because it is in some respects very different from the common run of " Deplorable Accidents," I think it worthy of being laid before the public.

The narrator was a very odd-looking and oddly-behaved personage—an Englishman, as he took occasion to assure his fellow-travellers, and a commercial traveller or agent, as I suspected, though of that he himself said nothing. When and where he got into the boat, I never knew. I did not observe him until the day he thought fit to leave us ; and then it was at the dinner table, where he was suddenly made conspicuous by the act of a Red River Kentuckian—that is to say, a Kentuckian who had migrated a few years before to the Red River country—who, being seated opposite to him at table, drew all eyes upon the gentleman, on whom, during the previous five minutes, his own had been fastened, by exclaiming with much earnestness and energy,—“ Stranger, I don’t want to hurt your feelings, but you are the ugliest man that was ever turned out of the workshop of creation !” a salutation which he concluded by a thump on the table that set dishes and cutlery in commotion.

“ Sir-r-r !” sputtered the gentleman, in wrath and confusion, “ if you mean to insult me——”

“ By no means,” quoth the son of Red River, with a gracious nod ; “ but the thing was on my mind, and I couldn’t help telling you so.” With which explanation, which was doubtless meant to be, and was by the speaker himself considered, a sufficient apology for the liberty he had taken, he fell to work on his dinner ; leaving the unlucky Englishman to digest the observation, and the merriment it excited among all at the table, as he could. The poor fellow was wofully put out, looking daggers and ratsbane, now at the man who had insulted him, now at those who laughed loudest or stared hardest ; and, at last, his rage or confusion becoming insupportable, started up to leave the table ; when the Kentuckian, who was at the bottom a very amiable personage, perceiving his distress, rose up in like manner, and stretching his hand across the table in the most friendly way in the world, exclaimed, “ I tell you what, partner, I did not mean to hurt your feelings no how ; but if you think I’ve insulted you, I ask your pardon, and there’s my hand on it. I didn’t know you were a foreigner, or I should have bewar’d the British lion.”

“ Hall right !” ejaculated the stranger, looking vastly relieved, and grinning under the friendly gripe of the apologist ; “ hit’s all right, sir, and there’s no offence. But I must say, sir, you Americans, sir, are the greatest quizzes in the world, sir ; yes sir, ods bobs, or my name ha’n’t Sniggins, sir.”

Upon which, with a he-he-he, Mr. Sniggins sat down again to his rations, which he appeared to discuss with infinite relish.

This little incident has nothing to do with the Tale of the Snag which I am about to chronicle ; but it was important, inasmuch as it introduced Mr. Sniggins to the notice of all on board, and, through him, made us acquainted with the aforesaid story ; which he would perhaps never have told, being obviously an uneasy, timorous, jealous-pated man, who would have kept aloof from all on board the steamer had he been left to himself. However offended, as he seemed to be at first, by the Kentuckian's extraordinary greeting, it was plain the apology had set all right, and won his heart into the bargain. From that moment until the hour of his leaving the boat, which happened the ensuing evening, he became quite a bustling facetious personage, making himself very merry on the subject of the national traits of Americans, among which he was pleased to reckon as the chief a villanous propensity to quiz and bamboozle foreigners, particularly Englishmen. It was to this propensity he attributed the Kentuckian's attack : "The gentleman," he said, "knew he was an Englishman,—any one might know that,—he thanked God he bore the mark of the freeborn Briton on his brow, and the gentleman thought he might get up a little bit of fun at his expense. But he was no Johnny Raw,—he had been in the land before (this was not even his first appearance on a Mississippi steamer ;) he knew the Americans, and he was not to be humbugged, no, not he ; gentlemen who tried that thing with him, would find it was—'All around his hat.'"

Now, as Mr. Sniggins was no beauty, his person being small, and the several parts somewhat awkwardly put together ; his visage, too, uncommonly beefy and rubicund, with a wide mouth, a preposterous nose, protruding eyes of oyster shell hue, that had a suffering, suffocating look, a very oddly wrinkled brow, surrounded by short lint-white hair of bristling quality, that looked on his ruddy poll like the pale glory round the head of a painted martyr ; I am not altogether certain that the Kentuckian was not speaking his true mind and honest opinion when he pronounced him the unloveliest creature he had ever looked upon. But Mr. Sniggins satisfied himself that the whole was a quiz ; he knew the Americans, and they *would* quiz English travellers : the present attempt of the Kentuckian was but a small one ; he could tell instances of a much more extraordinary character, and one in particular,—a most astounding case,—where a whole steamboat's crew, passengers, hands, and all, had entered into a conspiracy to bamboozle him, under circumstances and at a time which would seem to have made a jest the last thing that rational beings would have thought on. It was an amazing proof

of the incorrigible propensity of Americans to bamboozle Englishmen ; and, as such, he would relate it.

It was the dusk of evening, and the steamer was struggling against the fierce current in the bend of the river below Memphis, at which place Mr. Sniggins was resolved to end his voyage. He had followed his friend, the Kentuckian, to the boiler-deck, where, as usual, remarkable cases of boiler-burstings, burnings, snaggings, &c. were told ; some of them, as it appeared, *too* remarkable for Mr. Sniggins, who—if the teller happened to fix his eyes upon him during the course of the story—commonly expressed his incredulity (for he really seemed to believe half the stories were invented merely to quiz him,) by an expressive grin, and a still more expressive sweep of his finger round his beaver.

"Hall humbug, gentlemen ; can't humbug me!" he exclaimed with great dignity, after listening to a dozen or more very credible anecdotes. "Tell you a better case of bamboozling,—attempted at my expense on this here hidetical river, but no go : shall remember it to my dying day ; would have sent an account of it to Blackwood or the Monthly Magazine, but was principled against writing about Americans :—Americans too touchy—tell truth of 'em, fall in a passion ; telling lying compliments, nobody cares."

Mr. Sniggins looked around him with a Pyrrhonical smile, drew forth a red and yellow handkerchief, blew his nose, restored the handkerchief to his coat pocket, and then began his story.

"Gentlemen have heard of the steamer Samson Hagonistes ? Nice boat, first class steamer——"

"Ay," cried one of the gentlemen present, "I remember her ; she blew up somewhere down the river, and went to Jericho with all hands, four years ago."

Mr. Sniggins took off his hat, swept his hand round it once or twice, with a look half smiling, half impatient ; and then exclaimed—

"There it is ! Americans will make believe black's white, and white black ; no mercy on a poor Englishman ! No, sir," he added, with much importance, "the Samson Hagonistes did *not* blow up down the river four years ago ; but was snagged *up* the the river seven years ago. Know all about it, sir ; was in her when she was snagged and lost ; will remember her to my dying day.

"Well," said the passenger who had interrupted him, looking very well satisfied with the correction ; "if you were in her, you must know. But I have some kind of notion she blew up."

"Snagged, sir, hawfully snagged," said Mr. Sniggins ; "was in her, as I said, and know all about it, and intend to tell you all about it ; though it isn't the snagging I care so much about, it was the humbug that followed after—the attempt at humbug, (for

it was no go,)—the attempt made to cheat me into a disbelief of the evidence of my own senses—a most stupendous attempt, sir! It was on the 23d day of May, just seven years ago, when I took passage in the *Samson Hagonistes*, at New Orleans bound for Louisville. First time I was ever on the Mississippi, but had been in the country before and knew the people. Fine set of passengers, but sad wags; had no mercy on me—told me lies all day long, and wanted me to put them in my journal. (Kept a journal then, but took care what I put in it; never meant to print—kept my observation to gratify Mrs. Sniggins.) One gentleman told me it was these here hidetical cottonwood trees along the river that produced the famous short-staple Mississippi cotton—no conscience in the gentleman! Another would have had me believe a great troop of turkeys I saw on a sand-bank were nothing more than turkey buzzards. Told him he was a buzzard himself, and then hasked his pardon, as he fell into a passion. Was a little humbugged about one matter: There was a gentleman on board, Mr. Jones of some place up the river, at the mouth of the Yellow Stone, or Columbia, don't remember which, but said it was a fine country for raising cattle and horses. Well, Jones became my friend, and was a very good fellow, and I liked him; only he swore too hard, and *would* gamble all day long and sometimes all night. He persuaded me that a young bear, which somebody had tied to the stove-pipe on the hurricane deck, was of the domesticated species, and would play like a kitten; and I went to play with it, and it clawed me, and tore a new pair of drab breeches I had on all to pieces, and scared me you've no idea. Well, Jones acknowledged that was a humbug, as there was no domesticated species of bears whatever; but he was sorry for it, and asked my pardon, and we became very good friends; and he helped me to discover and counteract the tricks the other passengers were trying to put on me."

"Well, gentlemen," continued Mr. Sniggins, "we proceeded on our voyage; nothing of consequence occurring until the night of the 4th of June, when we had got to a dangerous place in the navigation, as Jones told me, in the Earthquake country, which is somewhere above, where the river is so full of snags and alligators."

Here a young traveller interrupted Mr. Sniggins, to assure him there were no alligators so high up the river. Mr. Sniggins touched his hat with a deprecating look; and the other passengers interfered, bidding the youth hold his tongue, as he knew very well that alligators *were* found in the Earthquake country; while the Kentuckian desired him to remember how common they were in the Salt River of Kentucky.

"Yes," said Mr. Sniggins, triumphantly; "I remember Jones



told me all about them Salt River alligators, and that they were so tame you could see a dozen of 'em at a time snoozing at any tavern door on the river. Well, gentlemen," he continued, resuming his narrative, "it was the night of the 4th June, and we were in the Earthquake country. I went to the captain, and inquired if all was safe, and being assured all was well enough, and no fear of bursting or snagging, I crept to my berth to sleep, being very drowsy; for I had been up all the preceding night in consequence of Jones telling me he thought there was something wrong in the boilers, though, as he acknowledged next morning, he was entirely mistaken, and had himself slept quite soundly all night.

"When I got into my berth, the passengers, and my friend Jones among them, were at the tables in the cabin, playing Brag and Old Sledge, and all that sort of thing; that is, gambling; and, what with scolding, swearing, whistling, laughing, and quarrelling, they kept up such a din that I found it impossible to sleep. Bore it awhile very patiently, waiting till 10 o'clock, when the rules of the boat, which were hung up in frames about the cabin, required all playing to be put an end to. But 10 o'clock came, and the gentlemen played on. Was obliged to remind them that the hour had passed; no go, no effect, except to make them laugh, and bid me mind my own business. I threatened at last to call the captain to enforce the rules of the boat. Upon this they all got up, saying that if I wished them to cease playing, why, certainly, as I was a foreigner, they would do so to please me; but they advised me, if I valued my safety, to get out of my berth and dress myself, or, if I would not do that, by all means not to fall asleep. "The truth is," said my friend Jones, "we are now in a very dangerous place, in the thick of the snags,—the earthquake of 1812 having tumbled all the woods into the river; and besides, it is a dark, cloudy night, and the pilot is a hard-drinking character." Other gentlemen all joined in, said Jones spoke nothing but the truth, and swore it was their uneasiness, their fear of going to bed while in so dangerous a place, that kept them up gambling so late; for why, they would not go to bed, and they must kill time somehow. Jones asked me if I had a life-preserver, advised me to tie my trunks to ash logs for buoys if I had any thing valuable in them, and then told me doleful stories of accidents by snagging that had happened in this very part of the river; and the others all did the same thing: never heard so many dreadful stories in my life. Didn't believe 'em, though; thought they wanted to quiz me, and told 'em so, and they went away, hoping I would be none the worse for my unbelief. They left the cabin, declaring they would be near the boats in case of accident.

"Thought they were fibbing, but was a little uneasy for awhile,

and then fell sound asleep—great fool for doing so ; got to dreaming of the last story they had told me,—a most awful one ; and, as I heard afterwards, quite true : 'twas of a steamer that was snagged up in the Earthquake country, somewhere near where we then were ; 'twas night, the mate had just gone into the fore-castle to turn in, when the snag—a tremendous big one—struck the boat, pierced the fore-castle, took the mate, just as he was fetching a wide yawn, in the mouth, and, 'orrible to relate, came out at the nape of his neck ; in which condition he was borne by the snag clear through the deck, twelve feet, and left struggling in the air like a fish strung by the gills to a pole. Awful accident ! never hear of such things in Hengland.

“ Well, gentlemen,” continued Mr. Sniggins, warming with the story, “ dreamed of seeing the mate sticking on the snag, and was waked up with fright. Woke up in good time ; heard an 'orrid noise on the decks,—squealing, yelling, swearing ; and then, slam-bang,—can't describe it ; thought we was running over another steamboat, there was such a grinding, and crashing, and cracking, and tossing topsy-turvy, and I don't know what : heard people scream, ‘ A snag ! a snag ! ’ knew all about it. Jumped out of berth ; didn't know what I was about, picked up clothes and trunks, ran out on the gallery, found steamer sinking by the stern, going down like a stone ; another steamer alongside, people jumping into her ; gave a jump,—fell short—caught by the rail—knocked a tooth out ; man drowning caught me by the leg,—kicked him loose—clambered up—tumbled over a wood-pile—don't know what happened—great crowd about me—somebody bled me—lost senses—put to bed ; sound sleep all night—woke in the morning, and found Jones standing by, looking at me, and asking how I did. Jumped up quite lively, but all over sore ; thanked God to find him alive ; asked how many had been saved ?—saw a whole heap of 'em ; all laughed, and Jones said I was out of my head. ‘ No,’ said I, ‘ I am well enough ; glad to find so many saved—what an 'orrid accident ! ’ ‘ What accident do you mean ? ’ said Jones, looking at me so I never was looked at so in my life. ‘ The snag ! ’ said I, ‘ that 'ideous snag, that sunk us ! ’ow lucky there was another boat to pick us up ! quite a nice snug boat,—what's her name ? ”

“ Gentlemen ! ” cried the narrator, here looking round upon his deeply interested auditors with a martyr-like shrug and twist of the mouth,—“ would you believe it ? My friend Jones wanted to quiz me heven *then* ! He—he,—you won't believe it !—he assured me, upon his soul,—yes, gentlemens, he tried to make me believe we had not been snagged at all ! Yes, gentlemen ; and the others all joined him, swearing point-blank, (I never did see persons commit

perjury so coolly,) that nothing had happened to our boat at all, except running into a bank once in the night, from which we soon backed into deep water. They swore there had been no snagging, no drowning, no sinking, no jumping of crew and passengers into another boat; they swore I was still in the *Samson Hagonistes*, steaming up the Mississippi, fourteen miles an hour! They swore this, gentlemen, they *all* swore it: even then, after that dreadful haccident, they—was there ever such a people?—they thought of nothing but bamboozling me! I showed 'em my bruises (my head was all broke and tied up,) my shattered tooth, my bandaged arm; and they—what do you think they said? Why, that—(you'll scarce believe me,) that I had jumped out of my berth in my sleep, broke my head and tooth over the table, and knocked my senses out; and that they had bled me to bring me to life; in short, they swore that the whole affair of the snagging was a chimera,—that I had dreamed it!

“In short, gentlemen, they conspired against me, all of them, the crew and passengers of the *Samson Hagonistes*; and even those of the boat that had picked us up uniting in the same story. The captain of the latter had, to humor the joke, given place to the master of the *Samson*, who swore to me, with brazen effrontery, that the boat was *his* boat, the aforesaid *Samson Hagonistes*,—that the strange passengers (that is, the passengers of the second boat,) were persons he had taken up at a village in the night; and these gentlemen swore the same thing, they were all leagued against me.

“The quiz—that is, the attempt, for it never succeeded—became intolerable. My friend Jones was the only man who admitted (and that in secret) that it *was* a quiz: and but for him, I believe I should have gone distracted among them. Never was man so argued out of his senses. Argument failing, they even tried to ridicule me into belief of the preposterous humbug; never was man so furiously laughed at. In short, the thing was insupportable, I could stand it no longer; and feeling myself growing stronger and stronger every hour, and finding that my friend Jones was about to go ashore at a village which we reached about mid-day, I resolved to land with him, to escape what I now considered the grossest imposition and persecution. Ashore, accordingly, I went; and there,” continued the narrator with emphasis, “my friend Jones pointed out to me, on the wheel-house of the retreating steamer, the last and most astonishing proof of the pains my tormentors had taken to make their humbug as perfect as possible. I saw, gentlemen,—what do you think,—what *can* you think I saw upon that wheel-house?”—cried Mr. Sniggins, panting for breath.

"Why," cried the youth who had once before interrupted him, "you saw the name of the steamboat, I suppose—What was it?"

"No, sir," cried the traveller, opening his eyes to express the intensity of his astonishment, "they had daubed her name out, and painted over it, in large letters, the name of the *Samson Hagonistes!*!" —

"Passengers for Memphis!" roared the clerk of the steamer, as at that moment our hissing vessel struck the shore. Mr. Sniggins vanished from our eyes, leaving all in a stupor of admiration. The next instant he was seen on the bank, with a porter shouldering his luggage, and leading the way up the bluff. The boat had pushed off; Mr. Sniggins turned round to wave a courteous farewell. His countenance radiant with self-approving sagacity, said, as plainly as countenance could, "You see, gentlemen, I am not the person to be humbugged!"

There was no standing that look: it broke the charm that had kept his hearers dumb with astonishment; and a roar of laughter, such as added a year to the life of every soul on board, it was so loud, mirthful, and care-killing, bore the farewells of his late companions to the retreating Mr. Sniggins.

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## EXCERPTS

### FROM A COLLEGE VALEDICTORY POEM.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

#### OPENING ADDRESS.

BROTHERS! we meet, perchance to part, for ever!  
 And now while on this narrow verge we stand,  
 Where hand from hand and heart from heart must sever,  
 And link from link of friendship's golden band  
 Must fall apart to be entwined no more;—  
 I strike the chords of my unheeded lyre,  
 And though it breathe no song of classic lore  
 Nor glow with Inspiration's ancient fire,  
 Nor warble like the shell of that strange child  
 Who with sweet tones the listening Gods beguiled;—  
 Yet, turning o'er in Memory's treasure cell  
 Clear gems of thought, beloved and hoarded well—



I feel the lustre of their holy light  
 Shed through my soul a beam serenely bright :  
 And if within your hearts I wake one tone  
 Whose music is responsive to my own—  
 Or call up visions of departed hours  
 To bloom and blush like Eden's fadeless flowers,  
 Or cause some moments of this summer-day  
 On fleeter pinions to be borne away ;  
 Thus shall the Muse, who taught his earnest strain,  
 Know that her votary has not sung in vain !

\* \* \* \* \*

#### FAREWELL.

And now farewell ! my brothers, through my lyre  
 The mournful gale is echoing farewell !  
 Fainter and feebler grows the poet's fire,—  
 Deep as the music of a vesper-bell,  
 That tolls the requiem of departed day,  
 My last, lone, solemn strain now dies away !  
 My heart feels almost desolate, to think  
 How, after some short hours, the two or three,  
 Who gather with me here upon this brink  
 And narrow shoal of time, must shortly be  
 Forth on the sea of this unquiet world,  
 With sail and pennon to the breeze unfurled.  
 And we must separate—the little fleet  
 May scatter widely, never more to meet  
 Except by chance upon the tossing waves—  
 That hour of meeting may be calm or drear,  
 When the sky blushes or the tempest raves,  
 But for this moment let that hour be dear.  
 Let us look backward to this solemn scene,  
 As a clear spring upon a desert waste,  
 Though o'er its waters cypress branches lean,  
 And though it be like Marah to the taste.  
 It might have been untinged with bitterness,  
 Save that of parting, if from our small band  
 Only the absent made its numbers less ;  
 But on young brows hath Death's relentless hand  
 Impress'd his signet-ring—on lips that glowed  
 With the quick fires of sun-illumined thought,  
 Weighs the damp pressure of Earth's icy load ;—  
 To make his palace there, the worm has sought  
 The Temple of the mind, the spirit's home !  
 Ah, who of all this saddened crowd can tell—  
 When here we part in various paths to roam—  
 The first, the last, to bid the world " Farewell !"

## MUSIC.

No apology can be necessary for introducing this subject, although trite to a proverb; for its general admission into various relations, sacred and secular, social and domestic, has given it an important influence on society. It therefore becomes the duty of those who have the growing interests of our country at heart, to observe the various changes and modifications that music assumes, to commend its legitimate uses with sincerity, and to expose its abuses with fearlessness.

Before presenting the views which may be deemed cynical, it is proper to declare, in all truth and sincerity, our firm conviction of the excellency of the art, and of the beneficial influences of its practice when under judicious instruction combined with intelligent and discriminating study. And if ever there was a time in which, more than in any other, music should be cultivated for its control over the peculiarities of the age, the present is the time. The habits of speculation, the absorbing spirit of enterprize, and the rapid changes that are taking place, all make men selfish and unsocial; and it requires the mild spirit of music and its analogous influences to restrain their excesses. Projects of political ambition, and schemes for the acquisition of wealth, are the absorbing and engrossing things that destroy the means of social pleasures. Man cannot always be intensely industrious, or speculative, or studious. The mind cannot be constantly absorbed in professional pursuits or mercantile operations, or in the grave matters that bear upon the highest and lowest destinies of our being. It is proper, therefore, to consider how the agreeable may be united with the useful in hours of relaxation.

God has made the whole earth vocal with sweet sounds. The untravelled forest echoes the notes of the wild bird, and the habitations of men are made glad by the song of the feathered minstrel. But, above all, the human voice, that combines the highest charm of sweet sound with the inspiration of thought, is given for no ordinary purpose of earthly pleasure. In its whispers of affection, how grateful! In its expression of religious devotion, how exalted! For its solace in trouble, how dear! For its participation in joy, how unspeakable!

The progress of music in this country, within a few years, has been highly creditable to our taste, considering the circumstances

in which we are placed. We are yet a young people, and the necessities and conveniences of life are first to be acquired before we seek for its elegances and luxuries. It requires a concentration of wealth, and general literature, and cultivated taste, to accomplish the highest exhibitions of art. We stand confessedly indebted to foreign talent for the best examples of the art. The recent visits of a lady-artist,\* of rare attainments and of surpassing skill in presenting the best compositions of acknowledged writers, have done very, very much to raise the capabilities of our own musical talent. This goes only to an imitative form in the practice, and not to theory. But a great work is to be done, both in the theory and practice, before we can claim much for our advancement in the art. For the amount of musical capacity that there is, it is strange that there should have been so little correct instruction. The general manner of our performances might well be called the vibratory style, having neither a decided character for any general principles, nor regard to the division of subjects nor firmness on the notes. There is more in this for which we should reprehend the teachers than the pupils. Bad instruction and bad imitation have done very much to introduce so generally this unnatural mode. It is not to be concealed that musical instruction has been cheapened down to a degraded level that has often brought the art into contempt. An opinion has prevailed, that almost any teaching is sufficient at first, as all deficiencies may be remedied by a few lessons from a finishing master. Who would reason so upon elocution? Who upon painting? A bad habit once fixed, subsequent instruction, though the best, is almost neutralized by it. A very great proportion of what is called musical instruction, is in this way so much more than useless, that we cannot speak in sufficient terms of condemnation of this mistaken and injudicious cause.

It cannot be necessary to go into a defence of the general introduction of music, for certainly that art which can control our sorrows and heighten our joy, which mingles its influence with the sweetest recollections of childhood, which is invoked in the soft hours of purest love, and which enlists the heart in the holiest aspirations of religious devotion, should never be wholly neglected. God has implanted it in the soul as one of the highest and purest pleasures that man can enjoy. As there are but few persons who are insensible to its charms and beauties, and to its beneficial influences, so there are not many who will controvert the position that some attention should be given by every educated person to its theory and to its practice. Too many, reasoning from its particular

\* Mrs. Wood.

abuses, arrive at the conclusion that the art itself is worthless; or, because luxury and effeminacy may have diverted it from its legitimate purposes, and substituted for its inspirations the false and fitful dreams of a laborious visionary, have inferred that it is essentially a conservation of the very effeminacy that paralyzed its best influences.

That music may become a benefit or an evil, according to its fitness to the capacity, condition, and circumstances of each one who engages in its practice, is a consideration not to be overlooked. The fact that it has resulted in serious injury to some from bad management, demands the anxious supervision of every parent, especially every good mother. Unhappily, the present course of discipline with daughters is found to expend itself too often on mere display. Intellectual superiority is made to yield its pretensions to the false and seducing charms of external graces and accomplishments. Admiration is the potent talisman of the present day; and multitudes who have little or no taste for the pure inspirations of music, affect a passion for its theory, and a devotedness to its practice, as the easiest terms of competing successfully in the race for distinction. It is this glaring and growing folly that we would expose: principally the hopeless efforts at what is miscalled *ladies' musical education*.

Musical education indeed! How much patient and laborious instruction has been uselessly expended on those who have not sufficient capacity to comprehend the elementary principles of the art! How many precious hours wasted by those who might have devoted them to worthier employments!

It is no uncommon thing to hear extravagant praises awarded to what is called natural singing, in contradistinction to cultivated singing; as if the perfection of vocal music does not consist in presenting it in such a manner as to sink the appearance of studied art in approximating natural beauties. That singing which is overloaded with gaudy ornament is as great a violation of good taste as excess of embellishment in rhetoric, painting, poetry, sculpture, or architecture. The supposition that the capacity of presenting vocal music can come by intuition, is about as wise as its sister follies that prompt men to favor impudent pretensions of quackery in other departments. It is yielding to the vulgar opinion, that ignorance is better than knowledge. The very perfection of the art consists in presenting the most finished compositions in the agreeable and pleasant manner which disguises the elaborate process of study through which the vocalist has passed. It is only the second-rate performer that aims at surprising difficulties and exuberance of ornament. The true uses of music are, to present agreeable images, create



pleasant emotions, and to give effect to worthy thoughts. Its highest purpose must of necessity be the most intellectual: appropriate thoughts in appropriate dress. It must be comprehensible. Who speaks well of the oratorical rhapsodist that is not and cannot be understood? So with musical rhapsody. That is false which cannot be comprehended, and worthless which does not create emotions capable of analysis.

It is a lamentable fact, that many otherwise intelligent, and intellectual persons give a preference to the lispings, mouthings, and indistinct inanities of the drawing-room, called music, when not a solitary requisite to a good performance is found. One may as well expect without cultivation to reach the inspirations of poetry, or the grandeur of painting, or the beauty of statuary. Generally, what is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. There can be no severer infliction of penances on the cultivated ear, than to be compelled by the conventional rules of society to listen to the jejune and mawkish lullabies that are frequently offered as entertainments.

Limited opportunities of practice is sometimes the consequence of parsimony; but it is parsimony in the very worst place. It is like inviting company to a feast, and then, from motives of mean economy, offering stale viands and poor wines.

There is another objection to much of the music in common use, not so much to the musical arrangement as to the thoughts which the words convey. It is not to be denied that the sentiments of the poetry have generally less consideration than the musical arrangement. Frequently a young lady is heard to sing stanzas from which she would revolt if put into simple prose. A trashy and unmeaning congeries of words that masquerade in musical dresses are less offensive, because nearly harmless. What are the greater part of the love songs that are heard, but mere tissues of sickly sentimentality that do no injury because incapable of analysis? So that this class, after all, is the least offensive. Another class is objectionable, because, being founded on foreign customs, the sentiments neither recognise the manners of our country nor illustrate the effects of our institutions. The evening serenades of a milder climate, and the descriptive ballads of the troubadours, are as unmeaning here as the peculiarities of the Celestial Empire. A third class is still more objectionable from the lips of ladies, and consists of songs of war and chivalry. It strikes us that it is not quite right for the daughters of our land to be instructed in the contemplation of blood and carnage, by mingling with the enchantments of music thoughts that breathe in war songs. And yet it is a very common thing to hear "March to the battle-field" from the lips even of children. Of a kindred character is Mrs. Hemans'

popular ballad, "The Captive Knight," which, in celebrating the events of the chivalrous ages, is certainly not the worthiest theme of our fair countrywomen. Songs of the sea and of the chase are also equally unfitted for ladies. Who can tolerate to hear a lady sing the masculine song of "The Sea?" Among what are called sacred songs, are many at least equivocal, and convey sentiments of misanthropy, if not of impiety. Take the popular song, "The world is all a fleeting show, for man's illusion *given*;" translate it into plain prose, and it charges God with creating the world with the design to deceive man. Surely there is a range of subjects sufficiently broad to be found in friendship, and rational love, and innocent joys, and home, and its social and domestic blessings.

It is for mothers to direct proper subjects. It is incredible that they should neglect a supervision in a matter that may have so much lasting influence on the character of their daughters. The mind, once poisoned by improper thoughts associated with musical sounds, will not fail to vibrate to the chord that connects itself with unworthy images. It then becomes irresistible; and this consideration cannot be enforced with too much earnestness. We talk of education. Let it not be thought, that, in a matter where so much of early impression and enthusiasm is mingled, this is the weakest part of mental discipline. The thoughts that are associated with home, and a mother's smiles, and days of unclouded happiness, will be the last to fade from memory.

Let those who have the means of coming to a just conclusion in this matter, reflect for a moment on the character of the vocal music of the day; and let mothers particularly see to it, that false impressions are not made to survive in the minds of their children when they can no longer control the current of maturer thoughts.

## ROSE AND VIOLET.

[Scene. *English garden.*]*Violet.* Lovely, lovely Rose !*Rose.* Dear, sweet Violet !*Violet.* No wonder that noble creature, man, delights in you, you so charm human beings. Do they not praise God in their temples, for that divine gift, the rose ?*Rose.* The love that race shows me, consoles me for the ill-will of the tulip, the daffodil, and the peony. Those eyes that visit me day after day, to mark my unfolding, those silken locks I adorn with my buds, give dignity to my short life. The poets put into words the enjoyment I bestow on all mankind. Like the creature man, I am painted, I am carved. My image delights him, like the imitations of his own noble form. Like his, my date is extended, in metal, in marble, on the precious canvass. I gratify the dullest senses ; I have a place in every heart. It is degrading to be meanly copied by the Parisians in muslin and paper, to be stiffened out into porcelain in a manufactory ; but this is no more than man undergoes when he is basely figured in wax. But with my best honors, your fame, my friend, is more precious than mine ; I am admired, you are loved. I am the emblem of youth and beauty ; you, of the qualities that distinguish the durable principle in the creature man. You signify memory ; you are the symbol of modesty. My lines, when traced on a seal, that sweetest of all depositories, leave not so high a meaning as your impress. A tomb, the most touching of all objects, that house of hope, might review your image on its sealed door ; your image, in your noble name, "Forget me not."*Violet.* I should not dream of comparing myself with you,

*"Che mezzo aperta ancora, e mezzo ascosa,  
Quanto si mostra men, tanto è piu bella."*

Half blown, slightly wrapped in your graceful calyx, what is like you ? The fragrance which gives fame to our whole race is confined to my branch of the family. The natives of America wonder why we are so bepraised by the English poets, and ascribe their warmth to the exaggerating spirit of fancy. Though my relations there, unlike the violets of India which hold themselves erect, imitate the attitude of the European violet, and "lean" inverted, as the American poet Bryant describes them. they are like the greater part

of the family, nearly scentless. A mere American florist does not comprehend Shakspeare when he talks of

"the sweet south,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odor."

One of our travellers indignantly calls the American violets "purple cheats."

*Rose.* Theirs might return the reproach, for our nymphæa is scentless, while the American species is deliciously perfumed; I wonder the American poets can so neglect this lovely ornament of their waters. If it belonged to us, ours would long since have enthroned it in their lays. Perfume is certainly the greatest charm of us all. I suppose the modest bearing of the scentless violets would have passed unobserved were they not related to you, since modesty does not attract attention, except as the setting off of merit. It is the hanging of your sweet head, lovely one, amidst a cloud of fragrance, which charms the poets.

*Violet.* The pedate violet of America, with its soft petals, colored with a harmoniously soft blue, and its large orange anthers, deserves a poet for its beauty. But I believe that good gift of sweetness, bestowed on me, has drawn attention even to the humblest of the family. The graceful and various structure common to them with their finer kindred, might otherwise have escaped attention. Even the green violet, which grows up with its long elliptic leaves among the limestone of Pennsylvania, has elegance; so has the brown violet, which, from hiding its dark flowers under decayed wood and leaves in the beechen mountain forests of Pennsylvania, bears the name of *Viola clandestina*.

*Rose.* Your leaves have no fixed character like your flowers.

*Violet.* No, nor our mode of growth. Some of us are lifted up on the main stem, others issue immediately from the earth. I am among the latter, of the lowly statue, but I am not the lowliest. The pigmy violet of Peru nestles among a tuft of linear leaves scarcely an inch high, and hangs from the top of stems, still lower than the leaves, its petals peeping just beyond the white-edged points of the calyx. As to our leaves, they are various indeed—heart-shaped, palmate, pedate, digitate, pinnate, sagittate, dentate, lanceolate, linear, cucullate, orbicular, elliptic.

*Rose.* All my family send out pinnate leaves except one, a native of Persia, which derives its name from the resemblance of its leaves to those of the sour barberry, the barberry-leaved rose. It is of that color too, yellow, which marks the inferior members of our



family ; all of that color being either inodorous or of disagreeable scent.

*Violet.* No leaves are so pretty as the pinnate ; they liken you to the lovely acacia race, to the most interesting of all plants, the mimosa. I pity the poor barberry-leaved, yellow, Persian rose, for wanting this beauty. But your evergreens, the *sempervirens*, and still better, your eglantines, with their perfumed leaves, make up for the degeneracy of this inferior branch.

*Rose.* The perfumed leaves of the yellow briar, the Austrian rose, compensate for the ill odor of the flowers. Our eglantines are our loveliest relations, and I wonder our minstrel Milton, who is accuracy itself in general, could have fallen into the mistake of applying their pretty name to the honeysuckle,

"Through the sweet-briar or the vine,  
Or the twisted eglantine."

Our favorite poet, Shakspeare, knew better ; part of his lament over a lifeless beauty, one of those lovely creatures of whom it is our glory to be the emblem, compares her breath to the scent of the eglantine leaf.

"No, nor  
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander  
Outsweetened not thy breath."

*Violet.* Milton describes *us* strangely, when he calls upon the "glowing violet," among other flowers, to strew the hearse of Lycidas. But our dear lover Shakspeare is a nicer observer ; he has given us a share in his own immortality, and we are not all debtor. The poet and the flower are made for each other, but how few of us have gained a poet ; and yet hundreds and hundreds of flowers deserve one !

*Rose.* Only you and me, and the daisy and the lily, are sung. It is strange !

*Violet.* I rejoice that Shakspeare and our branch of the family are natives of the same spot. I fear, had he not inhaled our breath, he would never have given fame to the race, never have observed with regard to our attitude. Now he celebrates the "nodding" violet ; in the same lines both our aspect and our fragrance,

"Violets dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,  
Or Cytherea's breath."

He came to us to illustrate that beautiful sight, the dropped eyelids of a lovely face.

*Rose.* He rather made those eyelids illustrate you ; but it is a

mistake natural to you. But the cheek! the cheek, which Dante names to represent female beauty, Eve's beauty,

"La costa,  
Si trasse, per formar la bella guancia,"

reminds the beholder of me, and I remind him of the lovely cheek.

*Violet.* Yes, my glorious friend, you are the very emblem of life; rose-red are you named; and the departure of that glowing hue marks death. I am sorry you should ever wear any other than that vital tint, ever be other than

"The red rose on triumphant briar."

*Rose.* We are almost all red, of various shades, from pale pink to the rich crimson, which deepens in the tremulous petals of the Chinese rose. But few of us are colorless, fewer are yellow. Shakspeare celebrates one of our white sisters, the musk-rose, for the love of whose profuse clusters his 'Titania sends her fairies to kill cankers in their buds. But I think he means me generally, when he speaks of roses; and I rejoice that the Crusaders brought me to France, whence I found my way to the country of Shakspeare and Milton. I love to count up poets among my admirers, and add the late western bards to the oriental set.

*Violet.* I should like to think you grew in the gardens of Greece, where we were so tenderly nursed, that wherever there was a sweet Violet in those recesses it grew up at the foot of a Damask rose.

*Rose.* I love you dearly. I love you all, your crowded tribe of blue sisters, plain, or decked with darker veins. I love your yellow race, veined with purple, brown, or black; your fair sisterhood, those white flowers veined with purple and yellow, erect, with an oblique twist; the Canadian violet with veined white flowers, the outside purple; the little family of flesh-colored violets; the marsh violet of the moist Scotch heath, sometimes pink streaked with red and purple veins; the ivy-leaved violet of pale pink with a purple eye; but you, you best of all who perfume the air from Sweden to Greece. I love the mignonette and the vine-blossom the more because their scent resembles yours. It must be you of all your family to whom Virgil compares the lifeless Pallas lying on the funeral pile,

"Qualem virgines demessum pollice florem,  
Seu mollis violæ, seu languentis hyacinthi,  
Cui neque fulgor adhuc, necdum sua forma necessit;"

the same Pallas, who, issuing in life from the city-gates, was likened to the morning-star when

"Extulit os sacrum cælo, tenebrasque resolvit."

*Violet.* I love to please you. I have been listening to your catalogue of colors, and thinking how remote we are, in this particular as well as others, from the simplicity that reigns in your dignified family. You resemble us more in our varieties of size. 'The long-leaved blue mountain violet is a foot, or a foot and a half high, with leaves two inches and a half long; the long-leaved Cayenne violet has leaves four or five inches long; the petals of the fine Siberian violet are an inch long; while the flowers of a Mexican violet are not so big as the eye of a dragon-fly. In the Cape violet, the lower petal or lip is three times as long as the rest. Cuba shows a climbing prickly violet, four feet high, with minute white flowers; and a violet of Guiana climbs the neighboring trees. But what is strange, you have passed over in your count, the pansies, the celebrated Tricolor, Cupid's Delight, Heart's Ease. The Pansies are scarcely less popular than myself.

*Rose.* I forgot they were violets, though you are so much alike with your five petals of three varieties.

*Violet.* They are my own dear relations, the pansies "freak'd with jet." Some persons account them the head of the family. Men distinguish us by the form of the stigma. Mine is a hook; in my cousin pansies it is a hollow knob. Because my breath is powerfully fragrant and their odor is faint, I have been unduly exalted in another respect over the pansies. This injustice was committed by one, who is nevertheless a pretty poet of our own, Langhorne. He describes the bee as hastily preferring the purple and gold pansy to me, but leaving her for me because he was disappointed in his quest of honey. He confounded, I think, fragrance and sweetness, and never inquired whether the golden lip of the pansy belonged to a larger or smaller nectarium than mine. I love to oblige the bees, for whom I suppose I was made, as well as men, but men more, if they would transplant instead of cropping me; that I am here to-day alive to gaze on you, instead of a faded, shrivelled, lifeless form, lying on the ground, is owing to the rain, which is my protector as well as cherisher; these showers confine in the house the little hands and the delicate taper fingers that would have torn me ruthlessly from my mother root, instead of conveying me, unplucked, to the happier soil of the garden.

*Rose.* This deadly separation from our parent stock, shortening our short life, I, too, have to fear. If it must come, may I be plucked—that I may last as long as possible—by a lover for his mistress. She will place me in a vase by her side, gaze fondly on me

while I live, and be as covetous for me of the last minute as I can be for myself.

*Violet.* The poets imagine your race in brighter regions, for what but roses were the flowers that bloomed to the eyes of Dante on the banks of the river of life.

" Et vidi lume in forma di riviera,  
Fulvido di fulgore, intra duo rive  
Dipinte di mirabil primavera  
Di tal fiumana ussian faville vive  
E d'ogni parte si mettin ne fiori.  
Quasi rubin che oro circonscrive,  
Poi come inebbriate dagli odori,  
Riprofondavan se nel miro gurgo,  
E s'una entrava, un'altra s'uscio fuori.

V. V.

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## THE COLD HAND;

### A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PURITAN."

My story is a mournful one, for when I tell you I am a female, with an ugly face and a vain heart, you will understand at once that I am a child of sorrow. I will relate my narrative; for it cannot gratify my vanity, and some may take warning.

I was the daughter of a wealthy merchant in New Haven, who, having only one child besides myself, resolved to give us both a finished education. He spared no expense, for he loved us with excessive fondness; and gowns, and ribbons, and feathers were bestowed upon me from my earliest childhood, as fast as blossoms drop from the trees to the ground at the close of the vernal season. His other child was a sister, about one year and six months older than myself, whom every body complimented as being excessively handsome. She was obviously my father's favorite; and many were the compliments she received for her beauty before her charms were fully unfolded. I can seem to see her now, (for she has long since been in her grave,) with her chesnut locks, her hazel eyes, her slender frame; all of which were objects of envy and



hatred to me. In our earliest years I had no doubt of my own superiority to her. At school I was our instructress's favorite; my powers were evidently superior, and I had not the least doubt I should find a better fortune in subsequent life.

But as we grew up to womanhood, she became the handsomest and I the ugliest of all mortals. I was very tall, with large hands and feet, a sallow, olive skin, grey eyes without the least expression; I had the scars of the scrofula on my neck. My eyebrows were white, like the hair of a man affected with the leprosy; my voice was hoarse and unmusical; and, in short, heaven seemed to display its avengeful skill in encasing my spirit in a carcase fit only for a fiend. Yet such is the pleasing self-flattery and self-deception in which we are apt to allow ourselves to be lost, that it was a long time before I suspected the reason why my sister ran away with all the attentions in every party. My jokes were heard without laughter, and my smiles never spread gladness through the room. Whenever I approached a youth of the other sex with a look of confidence and a smile of familiarity, he shrunk back as at the sight of a ghost. I wished to be social and love mankind, but they receded from me with horror whenever I approached them.

It will perhaps be asked me why I did not keep a looking-glass; and whether it was possible for a woman, even with such a face as mine, not sometimes to place herself before it. But I would reply to the philosophy of him whose ignorance prompts him to ask such a question, that a looking-glass can as little show us the deformities of our faces as the common measure of self-knowledge can reveal to us the imperfection of our minds. I was ignorant of both.

The students of the college were accustomed frequently to visit at our house. I was passionately fond of literature, and their conversation and company to me were entertaining. Among the rest there was one youth by the name of Wardwell, who used to pay some attention to me. He conversed with me on such books as I had read; sometimes disputed my observations and sometimes confirmed them. I was anxious to show him the beauties of my own mind; for as I began to suspect that I had few other beauties, it was by these I must expect to captivate his heart.

My sister Jane, (for that was the name of my elder sister,) was considered as very fascinating in her manners, and was always surrounded by a troop of admirers; she was quick in her apprehensions, witty, always in good humor; and, being always admired, she could afford not to be envious or jealous towards me. But my feelings were different towards her. I am unwilling to believe that all sisterly love was extinguished from my breast. If she had been

poor, I should certainly have relieved her ; if she had been sick, I should have watched around her bed. But I could not bear the praises that were always bestowed upon her, the marked preference which in every company she was sure to receive. Poor I was always thrown into the back-ground. If she went out of town and returned, there was much joy ; such a cordial shaking of the hand ; if she entered a party, there was such a brightening in every face—there were so many good things said of her when absent—so many *tells*, while there were no *tells* for poor me ; in short, her constant superiority filled my heart with jealousy and rage ; so that, like Joseph's brethren, I hated, and could scarcely speak peaceably to her. I knew myself to be her superior in mental endowments ; and to be always seen in her superior light—to be always cast into shade—to be a perpetual foil to set off her *agreeables*, it was more than I knew how to bear ! I was very unhappy ; and I am afraid that my homely features were made still worse by a moral expression, which I knew not how to conceal. My sister, on the contrary, was artless and open-hearted ; she never returned my taunts or peevish expressions ; but, alas ! it is a cheap virtue to be good-natured when life is prosperous and every eye smiles upon you. It was evident my compassionate sister pitied my case, and that was the most exasperating thing that she could have done. To be the object of her pity blew my temper into seven-fold rage. I felt a sort of indefinite malignity towards her, which prompted me to an indefinite revenge.

There was a young gentleman, a member of the senior class, and the first scholar in his class, who was then becoming very particular in his attentions to my sister. It seemed very strange to me, I confess, that a man of his taste and discernment should be so taken with the superficial accomplishment, beauty, and overlook all the superior qualities of mind, that deathless principle, which will last when form and colors, with all their graces and roses, shall have passed away. But so it was ; Mr. Harwood (that was his name) was all attention to Jane ; and, what was more provoking, I could hardly interest him enough to detain his attention. If Jane was absent when he visited our house, his stay was sure to be short ; and if for a moment on such occasions he sat down with me for a transient chat, he would dance his vacant foot or hum a tune, and return such answers to my observations as to show his thoughts were away wool-gathering in other regions. Is this the treatment due to a lady ? Is this the discrimination of a man of sense ? Alas, men may talk about superficial accomplishments and the vanity of our sex ; but place the most gaudy rose in their sight, and they will

trample on all the encrusted jewels in their path to gain it ; and in my opinion the greatest scholars make the best fools.

For some time Mr. Harwood had been paying his attention to my sister, and I must confess she never gave herself any airs of superiority, never treated me with the pride of an insolent beauty ; but somehow I saw, or thought I saw, an insult in her very kindness and condescension. Her very acts of sisterly affection seemed to me a poor thin covering to conceal her own superior happiness. Many were the taunts and sharp replies with which I met her most innocent questions ; and I used to call her Madame Beauty ; I used sneeringly to say—"O, you are all perfection ; you are the universal favorite ; your loveliness needs not the foreign aid of ornament ;" and I found occasion to pick a quarrel with her every hour in the day. She had a sweet temper, and I was angry that heaven had withheld all its best gifts from me to rain them with superfluous profusion on her more fortunate head.

It may be asked, perhaps, how such dreadful passions find their way into human breasts. I had read in Ovid (for I was quite a scholar) a description of Envy—

" Pallor in ore sedet ; macies in corpore toto ;  
Nusquam recta acies ; livent rubigine dentes."

I had always considered it as the worst passion of the human breast ; it is also highly unreasonable, even on selfish principles ; because it never inflicts a blow without jarring its own hand more than it wounds its object. It may be asked, then, how, with my clear perception, I admitted a passion into my soul which I knew at once to be both hateful and tormenting ? The fact is, I had no idea that I was actuated by envy ; I was like a scholar whom I heard say—that he always despised a glutton, and yet became one himself because he knew not the sin when it became his own. It is always thus with our impetuous passions ; fixed on their objects, they have no leisure or disposition to contemplate their own nature.

But I could have better borne my sister's superiority, at least in beauty, had it not been for an incident which put the finishing stroke to my bad passions. Beauty I could have conceded to my sister ; graces, taste, dress, outward accomplishments—these were all indisputably hers ; and I was trying so to adjust the balance, that I could contentedly give her these things while I claimed for myself the inward adornings of the mind. I had heard her praises in every company, and was beginning to be willing to hear them, when, one evening as I was walking home from a religious lecture, I happened to come behind a party of youth, of whom I soon dis-

cerned that Harwood was one. Perhaps I ought to mention, that almost the only bodily perfection which heaven had seen fit to bestow on me, was a remarkably acute ear. Whether it was my feverish solicitude or my nerves, whether it was nature or practice, yet so it was, that no mortal could hear a fainter sound at a farther distance than I. I could hear a whisper from the farthest corner of any room while the whole company were talking; and this faculty, I believe, exasperated my temper; for I often heard more remarks about myself than I desired. I found these youths were talking about the New Haven girls, and among the rest, of our family. "Jane," said one, "is a most accomplished beauty; what an eye! what a shape! what a matchless expression! But I believe she looks better for being set off in contrast to her sister Kate. Did you ever see," continued he, "such a fright? She would make a good witch to ride on a broom-stick!"

"Yes," said another, "she looks like a Fury and acts worse; but you must allow she has some sense. She is at least equal to her sister in that point." "I doubt that," cried the first. "She has read some books and has some vanity, but that only makes her a greater idiot; I called her a witch, but she lacks talents even for that." Only think of it; this very wretch who made this remark, had paid me a compliment on my understanding a few evenings before, and had begged a copy of verses which I had composed, and which he had pronounced beautiful; and, as it was one of the few compliments I ever received in my life, I thought it sincere. O! the deceitfulness of mankind! O, the hypocrisy of their hearts and the honey of their tongues! If I hate them, is the fault wholly my own?

I went home that night in a perfect rage; and my heart, like Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, was heated seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated. After my head and that of my sister had pressed our several pillows, (for we slept together,) "So," said I, "Jane, I have found out a new perfection in your character—I find you are not only a great beauty, but a great genius."

"What do you mean, sister," replied she.

"O, I mean that there never was such a character as my sister Jane. She is a pattern of perfection."

"My dear sister," said Jane, "it seems to me your heart is not towards me as it formerly has been. Pray tell me, what have I done?"

"Done! Such an angel as you of course can do no wrong. It is I that do all the harm."

"No, my dear Catharine, I charge you with nothing. Do explain yourself. What is my fault?"



"You are proud as Lucifer."

"What instance can you give?"

"Why," continued I, "it is seen in every thing; in all you say or do; in every word, motion, look, action. You are the vainest creature that ever walked the earth; you are an insolent beauty."

"But your expressions are too strong to be true; besides, Catharine, you speak in an unsisterly tone. Do you expect to benefit me by such reproofs as these?"

"Well, I have the most hateful temper. I am wrong, my dear Jane, I know I am wrong. Do forgive me."

Here we kissed each other, and went to sleep.

The next morning the sun shone into our chamber with a sweet tranquillity, and on the cherry-tree which grew before our window a red-breast sung his matins with artless animation. I arose in somewhat better temper, and resolved never after to charge my sister with a fault for the purpose of relieving my own spleen. I lifted the window and caught the balmy breeze; I saw the leaves trembling on the boughs; I heard the bird finish her carol. "Privileged creatures!" said I, "nature has made you all alike. The same nest gives you equal melody and tinges your feathers with equal lustre. The ideas of beauty and comparison never enter your choirs. You are without sin, because you dwell apart from temptation. How much happier than our accursed race." I shut the window with violence, and went down to the household drudgery, for which I felt myself principally born.

I resolved, however, to govern my temper, and never more to reproach my sister. It was about this time that Wardwell began to pay his faint, cold, doubtful addresses to me. He was an awkward youth from the country, a charity scholar, who entered college at about the age of twenty-five. Fresh from the plough, he was the most ungainly fellow I ever saw; and without the least pretensions to it, he had a great desire to be a ladies' man. He was a perfect contrast to Harwood, my sister's beau; who, although his conversation was solid and sensible, was a perfect gentleman; and, moreover, the first scholar in his class.

Commencement came; Harwood graduated, and, after delivering the valedictory oration, which was admired by all, went to Litchfield to study the law. There were the usual protestations and promises, sighs and tears, at the leave-taking between him and my sister. He was deeply in love with her, and she with him; though with the common policy of a cautious beauty, she concealed her passion and he exaggerated his. (And, after all, even in this very paragraph perhaps I am only venting my hateful spleen; and what I call in her female policy, may have been a nobler passion. Please

therefore, reader, to correct my language, and for "female policy" read "female modesty.") Harwood left us, and for the first time in my life I saw my sprightly sister dejected; and our house was now haunted by my poor beau, Wardwell.

I should certainly not for a moment have admitted the attentions of a raggamuffin, whom I considered so much my inferior, had it not been that I wished for a casting weight to make my condition equal to that of my sister. Besides, it is the hardest thing in the world to occupy a vacant heart. Wardwell was an absorbent for my envy; he seemed as an opiate to put jealousy and rage asleep. It has been said by some, that poor company is better than none, and I am afraid that some of our sex have said the same of their lovers.

But, alas! to the discontented the humblest path leads to mortification. I had noticed that Wardwell's eyes, whenever she was in the room, were straying to my sister; he paid greater attentions to her remarks than to mine; and whenever she was away, the first question he was sure to ask was, whither she had gone; and sometimes the blundering wretch, when he spoke to me, would call me by her name. Once he had the carelessness, or insolence shall I call it? to write me a billet, in which it was manifest from the superscription that her name had been erased and mine substituted. It was provoking when we were in company together to see, though he were sitting by my chair and my sister in the other part of the room, how perfectly absent he was from me while professedly talking with me; how quick his ears were to hear every observation of hers; how his eyes would steal away to watch her motions; in short, he was mine in profession and hers in reality. At length the detestable hypocrite had the presumption to request me to bear a message to my sister avowing his love; and he told me, that, supposing I must know that his attentions could not have been originally designed for me, he hoped I would do him and my sister the disinterested office of friendship to help them to that union on which his heart had all along been secretly set.

It is impossible for words to express the passions which flamed in my heart on this discovery. Rage, resentment, jealousy, despair, all mingled their black waves in my bosom. I was almost ready to curse the sun, the light of heaven, my own existence, and all mankind. I almost literally screamed in anguish; I beat my breast, I tore my hair, and muttered some profane expressions, which are never more out of place than when found in a woman's mouth. "Go," said I, "insolent wretch! and never let me see your face more. Flatterer, hypocrite, liar, deceiver, traitor, devil, leave my sight." And what was his reply? "Miss," said he, "now you are handsome; your face exactly tallies with your heart."

Yet, strange to tell, my rage was not half so strong against the guilty dissembler as it was against her who had been the innocent cause of it. Strange weakness of our sex! we mistake the origin of our injuries, and impute malice where it is least to be suspected or found. My resentment towards Wardwell cooled the moment he left the house; nay, my fancy suggested apologies and palliations for his wrong. But towards my sister my rage was unconquerable, nor could any thing have cured it but her ceasing to be beautiful.

Resentment leads to revenge, and I immediately sat down to devise some plan to punish her for the pain she made me suffer. "Let me see," said I; "if I scold at her, it will be nothing; for I can't provoke her. A war of words will be vain; if I poison her, it will be poor revenge. She will be a martyr, and I at once the executioner and tyrant. The whole pity of mankind will go with her. Besides, these poor material weapons cannot reach her heart. I wish to make her suffer where she has made me, I would blast her affections." I resolved, therefore, somehow or other, to separate her from Harwood, to whom she was becoming more and more attached.

I ought here to mention, that among all the excellences of Harwood's character, there was one weakness which in him was a perfect disease—he was excessively prone to be jealous; and he could hardly bear, on the most indifferent occasion, to have a gentleman speak to my sister. It must not be concluded from this propensity he was a weak man; people who judge from moral affinities are often most egregiously deceived. Jealousy, I know, is commonly thought to be the accompaniment of a strong passion and a weak head. In Harwood's case, the first part of the remark is true, but not the second. In fact, the associated qualities of our mind are strangely joined. I have known even a dandy to be a literary man, and a sloven a fool. Harwood was excessively jealous, and that was almost his only infirmity.

I at first thought I would write him a letter, telling him part of the truth; and telling him farther that Wardwell was likely to be encouraged in his daring attempts to supplant him in my sister's affections. But on deeper reflection, a more refined plan struck my fancy. There was a youth in college, a brother to Harwood, whom he had delegated (such was his jealousy) to watch over my sister, and see that none invaded the property which he wished to appropriate to himself. This office, which was a secret, gave him frequent access to our house. I therefore sent for Wardwell; I told him I was sorry for the passion with which I had treated him; I pretended that I never really expected that his views were directed to me; and I promised to favor his courtship of my sister provided he would first remove the only obstacle, the rival, which now occupies

her heart. He, supposing I meant Harwood the elder, said, "And that, I suppose, will be no easy task." "Yes," said I, "it will be very easy; but your thoughts are on a wrong track. You must know it is not he, but his brother, who now stands in your way. He is a lover only in name. Your best way will be to write him at Litchfield that his brother is supplanting him in my sister's heart; and what with the contest and the jealousy, both may be out of your way, and there may be a fair passage for you to the haven of your happiness." Thus I deceived him; for though nature has denied to our sex the strength of men, yet they are no match for us in malice or wit.

I need not dwell on this hateful story. Suffice it to say, my dupe wrote; Harwood became alarmed, wrote a strange letter to my sister and another to his brother, received their replies, was not satisfied. The green-eyed monster had affected his imagination. He came on to New Haven, charged my sister with the crime which my malice had formed and his imagination had exaggerated. High words arose between them; much sighing, many perturbations, many tears; mischief was at work; and when they could no longer talk by words, they conversed by angry letters. It seemed also, that in parrying the charge, my sister had informed him that he had entirely mistaken the object of his jealousy; for it was not his brother, but Wardwell, who was the traitor and supplanter of his affections. But this only increased his suspicions. Cooped up between two conditions, finding that there was an acknowledged rival in the case; seeing that he was in some degree losing my sister's respect; he suddenly broke the connexion, and went on board an Indiaman for a three years voyage. In that voyage he was washed from the quarter-deck by a terrible wave, as the ship, in a tempest, was doubling the Cape of Good Hope. My sister received the tidings from a newspaper just as she was inditing to him a letter of explanation, in which she thought she could not be too tender, nor hope for too happy an effect.

Her health had been failing for several months before this event had taken place. There was a poor Irish family which lived in the next street to ours, in which the mother, amidst her eight children, had been thrown on a bed of sickness, destitute of almost all the necessities of life. The story reached us and touched my sister's compassion. For my part I troubled my head very little with the wants of such wretches. I considered them as born to suffer, and I left them to suffer; but my sister was always poking her head into some of these scurvy hovels of misery and want. She might have sent relief, but it was a maxim with her always to see the victims before she relieved them. How she could visit such abodes, I could



not imagine. It was, however, in the spring; the snow was melting, she took a cold, and had a cough all that season. Then came her trouble of mind—the agitation of parting from her lover—his absence and his death; and not one kind word or look from me, for how could I sympathize with a humbled beauty. She was evidently going into a consumption, and we buried her just three months after the news arrived of the death of Harwood.

Just before she expired, she called me to her bedside, and taking my hand in the most affectionate manner, she asked me, since we were soon to part, to forgive all the negligences with which she might have treated me. "Sister," said she, "since you have regarded me of late with increasing coldness, and it is inexpressibly distressing to view myself as the guilty cause, shall I ask too much if——." Here she fainted, and never recovered strength to finish her question; the next day we were parted by death, for ever.

It was not until she had been dead a week that all my turpitude came rolling on my mind. But as I was retiring to rest, and saw the vacant pillow where she used to lie, the lines of Montgomery came to my recollection,

"The head that oft this pillow prest,  
That aching head has gone to rest."

I retired to sleep, but could not sleep; I was agitated, feverish, nervous. The thought for the first time struck my mind that my nefarious plotting might have caused my sister's death. Her last dying words were ringing in my ears; that she should ask pardon when the crime was mine, overwhelmed me. I seemed to see her pale, placid cheek, even in death softened with a gentle smile. It is impossible to describe the horror that came over me. My envy, my hatred, my rage, seemed to stand around me like so many fiends. I saw my selfishness in its true light. I regarded myself as the very worst being in creation. "Yes," said I, "Heaven is just; it has stamped my heart's deformity on my face; it has hung out a sign that all beings may avoid me; and thou, my poor, martyred, injured sister, happier in thy sorrows than I in my success, how gladly would I, with a scantling of thy virtues, sleep with thee. But I am one to whom life is insupportable, and the grave offers no refuge."

I tossed on my bed until the morning, and that day the thought of suicide entered my mind. It may seem strange, but though I had a full belief in a future existence and the retribution of eternity, I resolved to put an end to my life. I hardly know what were my expectations. There is a degree of moral distress which amounts to distraction. My feelings were too confused to analyze them.

When evening came, I walked down to a little stream which runs beneath the east rock, resolved to throw myself in, and sink to rise no more. I had a confused impulse on my spirits which urged me to this effort for relief. As I was walking to the scene, a little after sunset, a large black cloud, gleaming with lightning, surcharged with thunder, was spreading its vast, gloomy wings over the mountain; and ever and anon the peals were falling on my ear. The scene suited my feelings and my purpose. As I walked over the lonely field, and saw the rugged peaks of East rock, and heard the tempest growling in the sky, every horror in nature seemed to add firmness to my purpose. I had resolved, and nothing seemed able to shake my resolution. Whoever has walked from the thicket of houses in New Haven to this spot, must have remarked the stillness and retirement that reigns around; a few straggling trees shade the brink; the water slumbers in its course; the craggy precipices of the mountain lift their rocky heights; and then, as you gaze below, the few trees on its brow seem growing in the sky. At this time the dreary scene was overspread by an exceedingly black cloud, emblem of the darker tempest which was warring in my breast. As I stood meditating for a moment on the awful prospect previously to my plunging into the water, there came a very heavy clap of thunder, and the long repercussion of its roar shook me to the soul. It is strange, the sound alarmed me; I had always been exceedingly fearful of thunder; and though I thought I was resolved to die, yet this heavy sound suspended my purpose; I walked home drenched in the rain, resolving to find some other passage to the world of spirits.

Still my purpose of self-destruction was not removed. To think was impossible; to pray or hope for mercy was beyond my expectations, almost beyond my desire. It has often been observed of our sex, that the more violent forms of death, as of the sword or pistol, are not generally the chosen methods. The gentle opiate, laying at once conscience and consciousness asleep, is more pleasing to the female mind. I resolved, therefore, that night to take a quantity of opium, which should quiet me, if possible, for ever. The world was nothing to me; I was a stranger in it. Even my venerable parents, only child as I now was, must almost cease to love me. Dissevered from the social tie, why should one linger in a world to which one ceases to belong.

I had placed my candle in a chair by my bedside; and near, in a piece of blue paper, the dose which was to convey death to my hated body. My little morocco-bound bible lay on the table, and my sister's, just like it, lay by its side. I dared not look into

them. But Southern's Oroonoko happened to be near me ; I opened it, and my eyes fell on these lines

"I would not live on the same earth with creatures  
That only have the faces of their kind."

*Act IV. Scene 2.*

"'Tis so," said I ; "these same faces are all." I took my opiate, and laid my head on my pillow as I supposed to rise no more.

But whether it was that my dose was not large enough, or whether it was that I had been accustomed to the use of opium, yet so it was, that, instead of death that night, I had a remarkable vision. Every one knows that opium, when it fails to produce death, fills the mind with phantoms and shadows created by a stimulated fancy. However, I thought all real ; it seemed to me supernatural. I thought I was dying in consequence of my dose, and dreadful were the pangs of separation. My guilt lay like a mountain on my breast, and over me stood a fiend ready to catch my departing spirit. I felt myself to be expiring in the deepest fears and the deepest despair. A cold hand seemed to cross my brow, and a low voice seemed to murmur *IT IS ALL OVER WITH HER*. I strove to groan, and could not ; to move, but strength was denied me. The candle looked as if it were waning, and the chamber was soon involved in almost total darkness. I seemed to be swimming off in an ocean of darkness, beyond the world, beyond the sun, moving with a fearful velocity ; and every little while a cold hand would gently press my forehead. It was inconceivably horrible. I supposed they were bearing me to hell, which I imagined lay far beyond the material creation. I thought I saw frightful monsters around me, winged beasts, birds of gigantic size with human faces, and dark hags, with their fingers dripping with blood. But amidst all these frightful forms there was a deep silence, and nothing seemed so dreadful as those intervals when the cold hand would just touch and cross my brow. It shot an unspeakable horror through my trembling frame. After moving on with a velocity compared with which that of light would be slow, all at once I saw the shades around tinged with a dim, livid flame. The monsters that were bearing me stopped, as if preparing to let me drop ; and, crying out in the sailor's phrase "stand from under," they let me drop, and I felt myself to be falling through a vast vacuity ; every moment increased my progress, and I had no doubt I should soon plunge into that fiery lake where the wicked are believed to groan away their infinite ages of horror and despair. At last I reached the bottom ; a sudden jar seemed to shake all my frame and beat the breath out of my body. I fainted, and lost my consciousness ;

but in a little time recovered, and the first thing I felt was that same cold hand crossing my brow. I started up with horror, and looked around expecting to see ghosts screaming, fiery waves rolling, and tormenting fiends waiting to seize me for their prey,—when lo ! I found myself in a beautiful garden, the very image of paradise ; trees with mingled blossoms and fruit, crystal streams, clustering roses, birds in the branches, and every form of happiness and delight. A little cherub, with a basket of flowers in his hand, came and presented me one ; but I could not smell it, it smelt like brimstone ; another came with a cup of wine, which he offered me to drink, but to me it tasted like fire ; a third came and bound a garland of roses around my brow, but the cold hand thrust it off, and all its leaves lay withering at my feet. I arose, and strove to walk ; but every step was painful, and wherever I trod I saw a track of blood. If I touched a leaf or a tree, they immediately died : and I thought myself more wretched than if I had, as I expected, dropped into a lake of fire. I saw a great many beautiful, happy beings, but they all began to shun me, so that I was in danger of being for ever alone. O, the horror of solitude ! I could not bear it. “Plunge me among the devils,” said I ; “let me roll on burning oceans in company, but let me not dwell alone.” At length there came a little smiling cherub, looking like a little healthy child about two years old, (I at first thought him smiling, but at length saw the tears mingled with his smiles,) with two looking-glasses in his hand, on the backs of which was written—THIS FOR THE BODY ; THIS FOR THE MIND. “Would you like,” said he, “to look into these glasses ?” I assented, and the first he held up was that for the body. I looked in ; but oh, such a face ! I never saw myself so before. It seemed to me that the most miserable old hag that was ever bent down by age and infirmity in a poor-house, was an angel to me ; and yet I thought that the expression of the face was worse than the face itself. But when he came to present the other glass, no metaphors can paint, no language express, the forms of darkness and deformity I saw assembled in my own breast. I then knew for the first time what Young means when he says—

“Heaven spares all beings but itself,  
That most revolting sight—a naked human heart.”

Then I saw Envy, in the shape of an enormous serpent, curling around my heart, the venom oozing from his mouth ; Rage, in the shape of a vulture, tearing my soul ; Ingratitude to heaven, in the shape of a swine ; all my little low arts, in the shape of a fox ; every reptile of every name was there, and every corner of the mansion was polluted. I felt as if a ray of self-knowledge was now



shot into my soul, and the sight filled me with despair. I never felt such a shuddering at toad, asp, crocodile, lizard, snake, scorpion, as I now felt at myself. "Divide me from myself," said I; "separate my consciousness from my memory, or I am undone for ever." I thought that my piercing cries filled the whole garden, and the celestials came around me in a circle, all standing and weeping, with inexpressible pity in their faces, but looking as if they knew not how to help me. At length I saw at a distance, under a tree, a man of middle stature, serene and melancholy in his aspect, with his hair parted on his forehead, covered with a white mantle, and holding a branch of a tree in his hand. He approached me; his step was slow and majestic; I noticed the scar of some previous wound in his hands and feet. He fixed his eye upon me, but his look was melting but very terrible. I fell at his feet and said—"O thou wonderful one, restore me to life once more; let me once more have the privilege of probation, and I will try to move to the passion which I now see beaming from thine eye and pictured on thy brow." He laid his finger on my head and said—"The dead cannot return; *but*—" There was an awful emphasis on the monosyllable *but*. But what? The agitation awoke me, and I found the robin, which used to cheer my sister in her sickness, singing on the cherry-tree before my window.

I arose, and felt for the first time a gleam of gratitude that I had been restored from death when I had madly attempted to throw my life away. Opening my sister's bible, I happened to light on that passage in which the penitent woman is represented as washing the feet of Jesus with her tears and wiping them with the hairs of her head. I was excessively affected; I read and wept. Never had I shed such tears before. Tears of rage and resentment were familiar to me, but it was the first time I had ever shed the tears of grief. I felt as if my heart was melted, and I could pour it out like water. I sat weeping for an hour with emotions that no words could utter. At last the thought came into my mind that I ought to pray, but I knew not how; the very attempt seemed to me impiety and presumption. At last, after many sobs and ineffectual resolutions, I knelt by my chair, and said—*God be merciful to me a sinner*. 'Twas all I could say. I arose and walked my chamber for two hours with clasped hands, and it seemed to me I could walk there for ever, I never wished to see a human being again. "No, vain world!" said I, "I will shun thy temptations, I will never mingle in thy circles again." At length a new thought started in my mind; "I will go down," said I, "and meet my parents with smiles; I will, if possible, never utter another peevish or malignant word; I will from this moment dedicate myself to the business of

making every body around me as happy as possible. I will forget myself—what am I? a little bubble on the boundless ocean; and whether I sparkle in the sun or sink into the waters, it matters not. A right heart is all." I went to my glass, and thought I saw an expression that I never saw before.

It was now nearly noon, and I met my father and mother at the dinner table; I spoke to them with the tenderest voice I could. After dinner I took hold of the first household affairs that occurred at hand. I even went to help the servants in the kitchen. After we had *cleared up* as the saying is, I went up to my chamber, and took all my fine clothes (for I had hitherto been very dressy), and packed them up in several bundles, and made it my business every day to go and distribute one of them in the negro families about town. I took my costly ring, and went to a jeweller's and sold it, and the avails I gave to the poor Irish family in which my sister was so interested. My father was a very close man, but to me he would always impart his money. I took it only to distribute it to the sons and daughters of need. Every day I took some walk of usefulness. Of certain people to whom I never thought of speaking before, I now kindly inquired after their health, and that of their fathers, brothers, uncles, and cousins. I returned the smiles of all who would condescend to smile on me, and was willing to visit every creature who would receive my company. If I heard of objects of distress, I immediately flew to relieve them. I was very fond of watching with the sick. Formerly to be broken of a night's rest, except it were for a ball or a party, threw me into a fit of the spleen for a week; but now these occasions hardly could come too often. In short, I filled my mind with so many objects that I utterly forgot myself. I can truly say, that from one month's end to the other, the thought never entered my mind whether I was witty or handsome, or accomplished or the reverse. I was a cypher in creation, and no calamity could make me less.

One fault I fell into at first, which I afterwards rectified. I had been so excessively fond of dress that I thought I could not go too far to the opposite extreme, and I began to dress like a fright—to wear the coarsest materials, and to put them on in a negligent manner; insomuch that some malicious people began to say that Miss Catharine was aiming at the same object by an opposite road. She wants to be distinguished. I soon, however, altered my mode. I dressed as plain as possible, kept the middle of the fashion, and am now so fortunate as to escape notice.

My father was now growing old, and was very much broken by troubles and by age; and although during the days of my peevishness he had treated me with the utmost indulgence, (alas! he almost spoiled me

by his kindness,) he now became peevish in his turn. It was impossible to please him. I seemed to see myself pictured in him. I knew what it was to be displeased in ourselves, and vent our displeasure on some innocent object; to feel the wound, and impute it to the wrong arrow. Indeed, some charity is due to the unhappy; for if vice in its influence rankles in our hearts and produces misery—misery, in its turn, operates by a reciprocal causation, and produces vice.

I resolved never to return to my father's fretfulness one impertinent word. He had taken a fancy never to eat any thing but what was cooked by my hands, and yet I scarcely could please him by my cookery. One day I prepared his dish six times, and almost received his execrations for not accomplishing impossibilities. Once, as I was kneeling to put on his slippers on his gouty feet, I happened to hurt him, and he kicked me almost across the room. Often has he warned me to leave the house—threatened to disinherit me. But I resolved that his impatient temper should be the monitor to mine. Since the remarkable morning, I have never answered him with a passionate reply.

I was now an only child, with a prospect of being rich, unless my father should, in a fit of spleen, disinherit me. But as this was not very likely, I had now several offers of marriage. They were real ones; but whether it was love or money that brought my humble adorers at my feet, I could not doubt for a moment when I looked in my looking-glass or my father's money bags. I was never handsome; I was now passing over thirty, and Time never repairs the injuries of nature in a woman's face. Sometimes I confess my vanity would almost get the better of my prudence, and suggest that possibly it might be love which brought my admirers around me. But when I saw them languishing and yet shrinking, longing to rush to my arms and yet starting back from me as if I were a wild beast, I could not doubt as to the motive. Yet I was very patient with human nature. I dallied with no man's passions, though it might be gold that inspired it.

Yet sometimes I could not help laughing to see the ridiculous figure which some of my *disinterested* admirers would make. There was a young lawyer in New Haven, an ambitious fellow, who wished to rise in the world, about ten years younger than myself. He had already offered himself to one old widow in Stamford, and a rich girl, half a fool, in New-York; and now he brought his tender addresses to me. He once acted his part most abominably, and pretended to be dreadfully in love. Among other things, the simpleton had the presumption to praise my beauty, and ask me to let him have my portrait in miniature, with a lock of my hair, which he promised to

wear in his bosom. I pretended to agree, and told him he must first give me his picture ; I took it, and inclosing it in a very beautiful case of gold which I had, returned it to him with this inscription :—

“ The shell is yours ; O wear it in your breast,  
And kiss the picture, which you love the best.”

But why should I sport with the follies of human nature ? let me rather sorrow for my own.

Within a few years my father and mother have died ; and I am left with a handsome property. An orphan girl, whom I took from her mother’s death-bed, is my constant companion. I spend my time, like Dorcas of old, in making garments for the poor, and visiting them. I bear malice and ill-will to nothing under heaven, except my own former character ; *that* I perfectly hate. I always spend one day every year in fasting rigorously, and that is the anniversary of my sister’s death. Then I weep and pray for twenty-four hours in succession, without food or sleep. I have long since forgiven all my enemies, and am determined never to speak another malicious word ; and though I cannot say I am perfectly happy, (that would be too much for a woman past thirty, with such a face as mine,) yet I have ceased to be miserable. I am most happy when I most forget myself.

One thing I would not omit. One evening, as I was walking home alone, (for a woman of my face and age need not fear to walk by night alone,) I happened to be behind two gentlemen who were talking about me. I had too much female curiosity not to listen. “ What a change,” says one ; “ she is now really an agreeable woman.” “ Yes,” said the other, “ and I’ll be hanged if the change has not reached to her face. She is now almost handsome.” “ No,” said the first, “ she is not handsome ; she looks less like the devil than she used to.” Such are the eulogies on poor Catharine.



## DESIGN FOR A PICTURE GALLERY.

BY HENRY J. FINN.

"I have heard of your paintings too, well enough."

*Shakspeare.*

My Gallery for Pictures, dear O—,  
Is now in the course of erection;  
And if you don't yet—you *shall* know  
My plan for a *private collection*.  
First and foremost I'll have no *Old Master*  
Of any one school, in my full room,  
For I'll be at him—I'll bet a piaster—  
With the *handling* of BIRCH, in my school-room.

I'll have MORSE, justly styled P. N. A.,  
And that *re-morse* gives pleasure, not pain;  
A Venus, just fresh from the spray,  
From FROTHINGHAM's pencil we'll gain.  
From CHAPMAN, a pedlar with ware;  
SWAIN shall give us a grave love-sick Noddy;  
From DURAND a *graver*, and MAYR,  
The *heads* of a corporate *body*.

I'll have *soft-color'd* portraits by HARDING;  
DAVY JOHNSTON shall dish me a *scrap*,  
From my *cat'logue*—by no means discarding  
Some *kittens* with *milk* by DUN-LAP.  
Dear Scotia, my love is still thine,  
And the day I first knew thee returns  
With thy bards; but I'll make a COLE mine,  
And get illustrations of *Burns*.

About *scene* painting, once was a COYLE,  
Though to that I am still a well-wisher;  
It may *not* be according to 'oyle,  
I like *drawings* in *water* by FISHER.  
Then an angler, intent on a brook,  
With a trout at the end of a twine;  
And then say, with *Theodore Hook*,  
"There's a SALMON I think in that *line*."

A ruin, in some silent spot,  
From Erin's fine artist I'll call;  
And prove, though he's *hard*, it is *not*  
The weakest which go to the WALL.

My treasures shall then be increased  
 By a "*host in himself*," or his kinman;  
 Though enough is as good as a feast,  
 We ask *more* when we find such an IN-MAN.

My room shall with *sports* be endow'd,  
 (Though I leave to the gamester to brag it);  
 And a JOCELYN shall be in the *crowd*,  
 With a *Ring* and a *Set-to* by AGATE.  
 A race-ground, no matter how muddy,  
 With Eclipse in the foreground, *in course*,  
 What can make a more beautiful *stud-y*  
 Than trying a MOUNT on a horse?

In the ladies, I do not eschew-art,  
 By an order, just tribute I'll render  
 To feminine talent, JANE STUART,  
 Whose father was not "*the Pretender*."  
 From the city of brotherly love  
 A rare picture I'll have—few are rarer,  
 If it's *soil'd*, 'twill this paradox prove,  
 When *so* SULLY'D, fair fame is much fairer.

The "*three Weir'd Sisters*," by WIER,  
 I'll get, to bewitch and delight us;  
 "Dryden's feast"—and we'll there find a SPEAR;  
 ALEXANDER shall execute *Clytus*.  
 But where is *our* "Feast of Belshazzar?"  
 From him, whose tints ne'er had a *false* tone,  
 "That they're buried," the world cries "Alas! Sir,  
 In the *quarry*, the diamond of AL-STON."

I've a group of young prattlers for PRATT;  
 For a TRUMBULL I have a prize ox  
 CATLIN's *muse* shan't exceed a *Kit-kat*,  
 And DOUGHTY's, no doubt, *Orthodox*.  
 I'll have views of auld Reekie, by one  
 Who's honor'd in being a Scot's son,  
 To bring back the young days that are gone,  
 When I bask'd in *that* sun—you'll say "WAT-SON?"

And COLMAN shall make a *great* fire  
 With a tribe of *Shawnees* by a SHAW;  
 And DARLEY shall draw me his sire,  
 Who has drawn, on the stage, with *eclat*.  
 A sketch of *King Pippin* from NEWTON;  
 I'll *meditate* too upon HARVEY's,  
 And works, that confer such repute on  
 The jolly old Commodore JARVIS.

I'll have RICHARD-SON draw Richard, Sire,  
 The Third, with a splendid *guilt* margent  
 In the *Van VANDERLYN* will admire;  
 With a *standard* for *color* by SARGEANT.

And OSGOOD shall copy *John Wesley*,  
 To whom we do not in a *jest* point  
 A gem from the easel of LESLIE,  
 Whose pencil was not cut for *West Point*.

And many more worthies I'd get,  
 My gallery to grace with perfection,  
 But it is with the greatest regret  
 I can't call them to my *re-collection*.  
 Then reward to the *lights* of the Art,  
 And respect to their *shades* when below ;  
 From the *ground* of *still-life* they can't part,  
 Though *dead-color'd*, they're finish'd, heigho !  
*Newport, R. I.*

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## VANDERLYN.

### CHAPTER XIV.

*A Portrait—The test of philosophy—Courtship—A Contre-temps—The Rescue.*

"Thou canst not say that I bewrayed thy trust,  
 Because thy confidence thou never gavest,  
 'Tis I—I who in friendship most am wronged,  
 In that from ignorance thou lett'st me wrong thee!"

*The Discarded.*

THERE is a strange melancholy pleasure that often comes over one, and makes him pause while drawing up such a memoir of his life as that which now employs my pen. Bright dreams of the past flit bewilderingly across the senses; dark memories arise from their burial-places; and familiar tones, that but now seemed hushed for ever, are syllabled anew as the heart gives up its dead. Thrice have I begun this chapter, but at each effort to arrange my ideas some fresh train would sweep through my mind, and crowd so rapidly upon those which preceded them, that my hand in vain essayed to arrest these mute shadows in their career, and give them shape and utterance upon paper. Alas! how little can language do at best to embody the subtle essence of thought, and give form and color to the indefinable throes of feeling!

I hardly know how it is that I have hitherto omitted to mention a person between whom and myself a close intimacy had existed

almost from the first moment of my arrival in New-York, and who possessed a character so marked, that I am convinced our intercourse must have had no slight effect in moulding some of the traits of mine.

It is as true of friendship as of love, that it often springs up at first sight ; at least Walter Brashleigh and myself, without passing through the ordinary stages of acquaintanceship and intimacy, were friends from the moment that we first met. Nor do I use the word in the careless sense of the world, nor in the idle meaning with which a couple of boyish comrades will dignify their passing companionship. The metaphysician, in discoursing of secret sympathies, may settle the origin of such sudden attachments. It is enough for me that I have proved both their existence and their permanency. I may have occasion frequently to mention this friend of my youth hereafter, as his brief thread of existence was for a time intimately interwoven with the mingled yarn of my fortunes, and shall therefore offer no apology to the reader for drawing his portrait here. Besides, Walter Brashleigh was no common man ; and should one survivor of the gallant corps at the head of which he received his death wound while fighting for his country on the Canada frontier, chance to light upon these pages, the veteran will bear witness that the record of his brief and bright career is no way overcharged.

Brashleigh was a youth of singular powers of mind ; so strong, so versatile, so active, yet so aimless were they in their direction. He had great practical talents ; and if an acute analytical mind, a supple and muscular power of expression that gave him the happiest aptitude at illustration and the choicest command of language, rising at times to the dignity of eloquence, but melting more often into the richest strains of humor, could have made a successful advocate, Brashleigh might have risen to the first honors of his profession.

Unhappily for his worldly advancement, however, my friend was totally destitute of ambition. Though but a few years my senior, he was already associated in business with the eminent advocate with whom I was pursuing the study of my profession, and he had continual opportunities of coming forward in some important cause upon which the eyes of the public, not less than those of the courts, were fixed. His known acquisitions, too, caused him to be repeatedly called upon to act as the orator of some learned body at their periodical public anniversaries ; but the awards of neither the legal forum nor the classical arena had any charms for Brashleigh. He was also well known as a political writer, and his poetical talents were admired in more than one circle ; but while the praises of a



coterie brought no excitement to his vanity, he was equally indifferent to the applause of the world, and there seemed to be no stimulus which could impel him into the mad whirl of public life. Yet like all men—though I have said he was not ambitious—like all men of active intellect, Brashleigh had his own secret sources of pride, if not of vanity. What has since been said of Byron might truly be said of him—he was “a splendid egotist.” He revelled in the consciousness of intellectual power; and while, in fact, underrating his own talents, he prided himself upon the full development and possession of all his faculties, such as he believed them to be. Unlike the great misanthropic poet, however, he was indifferent as to the opinion the world might entertain of his mental capacities. The respect of his fellows was indeed appreciated by a mind so well ordered as his, but he would have shrunk from publishing his peculiarities; and he claimed but little sympathy for tastes and feelings which were formed and disciplined according to standards which he would fain believe exclusively his own. With all this, yet, factitious as I have described his character to be, there never beat a kinder and truer heart than that which warmed the bosom of Walter Brashleigh; nor, consistent and firm as he believed himself to be in his philosophy, could he ever entirely emancipate himself from the dominion of feelings which nature had made as ardent as they were tender. His assumed and his natural character came often strangely into collision, but never more singularly than in the appalling incident I am about to relate.

We were supping one evening with some medical students, when the memorable “Doctor’s mob,” which General Hamilton took so distinguished a part in quelling, became the subject of conversation, and introduced a discussion as to the best mode of subserving the cause of anatomical science with the least injury to the feelings and prejudices of society. Brashleigh, as was often his wont, took a view of the subject-matter which carried him at once into extremes, and involved him in a series of paradoxes which he supported with great ingenuity and eloquence, to the delight of his medical friends. He urged, that the moment in which the breath left a human body, it belonged to the public for their use and benefit; that there could be no ownership where there was no possible consciousness of possession; and, as the empty habitation which the soul had deserted could never be tenanted by the heirs of the deceased, it reverted at once to the community of which he was a member, whose duty it was to make the best disposition of it for the public good.

“In every civilized country,” he argued, “the disposition of the dead has been the care of the laws, the usages of barbarians only have left it to individual caprice; and the same legislative

power which enacts that those subject to it shall burn or shall embalm their kindred, shall bury them within the walls of a city, or inter them in some rural cemetery, may make such other disposition of the dead as in their wisdom may seem meet."

"Preposterous!" I exclaimed; "why, Brashleigh, you would strike at the root of some of the most refined and hallowed emotions of our nature."

"Some of the sophisticated prejudices of our education, you mean. I pretend to be no stoic, Vanderlyn; I believe rather with the philosopher of the garden, that man should take the best of care of his body 'so long as this machine is to him;' but so far from wishing to cherish the ordinary associations with the grave-yard, I think the effect of the prevailing prejudices is injurious to the memory of a departed friend. It divides his identity between the mouldering corse and the soul which has taken its flight. The more tangible of the two images is that which is most often before us, and we think of him prisoned by our own hands amid corruption whom we should dwell upon only as set free by the hand of God. For myself, I would rather——"

"Ay, for yourself to be sure," exclaimed a young physician, interrupting Brashleigh—"of yourself you may be willing to make a scientific bequest to our college; but could you bear the idea of a form that you had once looked upon with affection being marred by the dissecting knife, and exposed to the coarse jeers of a crowd of reckless students? could you, in a word, look calmly on and see thus handled——"

"The remains of my dearest friend, I could. The likeness of the clay before me might indeed affect me, as would the presence of any other portrait of the deceased; but I should feel far less at seeing this perishable image marred by the scalpel than if I saw a striking picture of him upon canvass exposed to destruction."

The conversation now changed; and as Brashleigh in his remarks this evening was far less happy than usual, I should have forgotten the observations entirely, were it not for the fearful trial to which his consistency was shortly afterward subjected.

Dr. —— was at that time lecturing upon anatomy; and the lucidness of his arrangement, and the terse and graphic style of his discourses, not less than his skilful demonstrations, attracted many young artists and other men of liberal pursuits to the anatomical theatre. Brashleigh, who among other accomplishments sketched exceedingly well, and spared no study to improve the vigor and accuracy of his pencil, was a member of Dr. ——'s class, and persuaded me one evening to accompany him to the medical college. The professor had not arrived when we entered, and I availed my-

self of a few moments to look into the dissecting room. There I saw enough, in the means and appliances about me, to revolt at the position in which I had placed myself, but from which I could not now withdraw without awkwardness. The *dissecta membra* of more than one subject were visible; and, notwithstanding the noisomeness of the apartment, several long-haired youths, who had their sleeves rolled up as if fresh from some task of scientific butchery, were munching peanuts, or ever and anon biting a mouthful from a buttered biscuit, which was as coolly taken up and replaced upon the corner of the table as if it had never been appropriated to another use. To such a table we now advanced upon returning to the anatomical theatre, where a figure that lay in the midst of it was partially disclosed to view. A clean white sheet had been decently disposed so as to veil the face and a portion of the body; but the white and taper limbs, not less than the long yellow locks from which an uncouth country student was clipping a tress to tie up his braces with, indicated that the subject was a female, and probably one of those unfortunates with which the prisons used at that time to furnish the college. The presence of Dr. — introduced a little more order into this assemblage, all of which, save those who were to assist him in the demonstration, retired from the table, and seating themselves upon the benches, listened in silence to his exordium. It was a noble appeal, setting forth the dignity of his science in eloquent though general terms, and claiming a philanthropic tendency for the particular investigation upon which he was about to enter. He glanced then at the bearing which the progress of physiology might have upon the researches of metaphysics, and threw in some religious allusions upon the mystic nature of that living principle which escaped beneath the knife of the anatomist just as he was tracing it to its seat. The expressive countenance of Brashleigh showed that he was absorbed in the speaker. He followed every gesture with his eyes, which seemed animated with enthusiasm for the scientific researches that claimed his attention. Suddenly, however, I observed a still brighter light shoot from them, followed instantly by a dull leaden gaze. His face became pale as death; his plastic features, rigid and motionless; and within a minute after the professor had withdrawn the flimsy covering from the subject, my unhappy friend sank upon the floor as inanimate as the dead body before him.

"Open that window," cried one; "he faints from the closeness of the room."

"Psha! he's only queasy, as all are at first," said another; "throw a glass of water in his face;" and Brashleigh, rallying the moment that the last prescription was had recourse to, his weakness was



ascribed to a very common cause, and the lecturer proceeded. I could not account, however, for the strong though suppressed agitation with which my philosophic friend watched his movements; some hidden torture seemed gnawing at his heart, and upon the first incision of the knife into the fair bosom before him, a deep moan escaped from his own,—so deep and so unearthly that many started, deeming it had escaped from a spirit but now enfranchised, and that some spark of life yet remaining in the subject had been extinguished by the hand of the lecturer. Thrice thus did Brashleigh faint, and at each time he resumed his place in spite of all persuasions to leave the room; and though the muscles of his face actually twitched in agony, still did he fix a cold, unblenching eye upon the table; and only retired in haste from the assemblage when Dr. — himself left the room.

I dare not surmise the cause of this singular exhibition of strong feeling and wonderful self-control. That which was whispered by a few never went beyond the walls of the college, and is too awful now to dwell upon. When next I saw Brashleigh, the pallor arising from a violent attack of brain fever was heightened by the deep mourning which he wore for a cherished young female relative, who had died quite unexpectedly at a village near New-York, a few days preceding his own illness! \* \* \* \*

Such was the singular and powerful character of the man whom I could boast as the closest and most intimate of my friends. A relation which was now to be endangered by our standing toward each other in the most painful position that a man can occupy toward his friend.

Brashleigh had been privy to the whole of my affair with the ill-fated Calanthé, and had exerted his influence over me to the utmost to cut short the entanglement at its commencement; he therefore never dreamed of my having a more serious attachment, or rather, so perfect was the confidence existing between us, he could not conceive of my feelings being much interested upon any subject without his being made aware of it. He thus often visited with me at Mr. Ashley's, but had no suspicion of the complexion which my attentions in the family had taken. The guarded mien I observed before others had shut even my friend's eyes upon what was passing beneath them, while the frank and cordial manner of Gertrude toward the friend of her lover was misconstrued for a reciprocation of the partiality which he soon began to feel for her. For my own part, I have sometimes blamed myself for not sooner imparting my whole confidence to Brashleigh; but then I could not have exhibited the frankness of friendship toward him without violating the delicacy of true affection toward another. Had the



tacit understanding which existed between me and Gertrude been an actual betrothal, my friend should certainly have shared my secret. But it would give unnecessary pain to both of us for me to communicate that I was his rival without at the same time showing him the relative ground upon which we stood; and that, so far from acting the base part of trying but now to supplant him, I had received proofs of affection from Gertrude before he had begun to address her. Such proofs, I have already said, I could not show. The gossamer threads by which I would fain believe the heart of that delicate girl was bound to mine, were so shadowy that I myself could scarce define them. The ties between us were such as I knew a soul upright as her's would feel ever to be binding; yet had I presumed to found upon them a distinct and acknowledged claim to her hand, and publish it to another as a reason for withdrawing his attentions, both the lady herself and my rival admirer would have had cause to set me down as a thorough coxcomb. Such I may aver was any thing but my true character. Heaven knows that it gave me rather a feeling of humiliation than of self-complacency, to find myself bearing off the prize from such a man as Walter Brashleigh, who, with some slight obliquities of judgment, possessed a mind so highly strung, a character of so lofty a tone, that the proudest man I have known might do homage to them without abasing himself. But woman's love, noble, self-sacrificing, and enduring as it is, is strange and unaccountable in its origin; it is a thing of faith and not of reason. He who can trace back the meteor to its birth, may alone define the grounds of her choice.

I have already said that I could see that Gertrude had conceived an attachment for me, unworthy and unfitting as I thought myself to inspire it. I could see, too, that she was wholly unconscious of the nature of her own feelings toward me; and often did I wonder that so lovely and peerless a flower had shot up in my path, maturing in bloom and beauty for me alone, while months and even years went by without my having dreamed that it was within my reach. Shall I tell the reader the mode in which I brought that knowledge to her heart? Shall I dwell upon the gentle assiduities with which I fostered that blessed germ of affection—fearing almost that it should bud too rapidly, and wither from its own precocious growth? Shall I analyze the love that was born of childhood's purest feeling—nurtured by the long intermingling of youthful sympathies, and matured by the full affections of ripened womanhood reposing upon reciprocal tenderness? Or shall I speak of doubts and fears, of scenes of estrangement and reconciliation? and then tell how once I took a pliant hour, and revealed to my Gertrude—But no; in all my course of wooing I can hardly sin-

gle one such hour more eventful than the rest ; for the bonds which were woven between us were knit so noiselessly, that only in the final clasp was there a sound of grating. Brashleigh's own act was the cause of our first exchanging our vows together.

I had been dining out with him one day, some months after his recovery from the brain fever, which left his nerves in rather an excited state, and made him very easily affected by wine, when, stopping at the rooms of an acquaintance during our walk home, we were, much to our annoyance, involved in some new symposia, which were protracted to a late hour. Brashleigh endeavored to observe his usual moderation at the table ; but, notwithstanding he plead the being a valetudinarian as an excuse for not drinking, yet, according to the compulsory hospitality of that day, bumper after bumper was pressed upon him by our host, who was backed by several vociferous revellers in enforcing compliance. A late importation of very fine hock had then just come into fashion ; and Brashleigh, wholly unused to the wine, and unconscious of its slow effect upon the senses, must have been thoroughly under its influence before he became aware that its fumes had seized upon his brain. He then broke abruptly from the company, while, notwithstanding the outcry and halloo that was raised after us, I also made my escape ; and, following him into the street, we made for the Battery, to cool ourselves in the sea air before retiring for the night. Here I soon discovered that my friend was in a state of high excitement. His exuberant fancy, generally under the most perfect training, took the wildest flights. He apostrophized the image of the moon in the water, improvised verses to the stars, and poured forth a torrent of quotations from Ford, Massinger, and others of the elder dramatists, in whose works he delighted, with the most whimsical application to objects around him. Then again he would make excursions into the misty region of metaphysics, and speculate upon mind and matter with a vigor and boldness that would have been sufficiently impressive if it were not the next moment alternated with the most puerile drivelling of maudlin sentiment. At last, in a fit of half-mad theatricals, he laid his hand upon my collar, and addressed me in the language of some obsolete play, with words which had the most singular bearing upon our relative situation in regard to Gertrude. Conscience, perhaps, alone determined their application on my part ; but so much like earnest did seem the acting of my friend, that when I heard him apostrophise me as one

“ ——— who by deep perfidy had wrought him wrong,  
Snake-like, stealing into his bower of bliss—  
A base supplanter of a trusting friend,” &c.

When I heard him, I say, thus inferring charges, and heaping epithets which in the clouded state of my own brain seemed fraught with meaning, though pronounced in the language of another, and by one who was himself not in a condition to be responsible for what he said, I too was seized with the frenzy which actuated my unhappy friend; and while indignantly disowning what I thought an intended and personal implication, pronounced the words which could never be recalled.

"Supplanter of you!" I cried; "Brashleigh, you are mad, or I never would reply to such language. So help me heaven, I had her heart before you knew her."

"Her? who? What mean you, Vanderlyn?" screamed Brashleigh, almost sobered on the instant.

"Why, that if I have injured you, you yourself will exculpate me from every thing like perfidy when I tell you all."

"In the name of C—st!" said he, staggering against a tree, while his features became as pale as death, and his knees actually knocked together with the agitation that shook his frame; "in the name—of her—of Gertrude, speak out what you would say, man, before I suffocate;" and, tearing off his neckcloth, he rubbed his brow with his hand like one struggling to free himself from approaching delirium.

Were worlds mine, I would have given them all at that moment to recall the passages which had brought on that scene. But the crisis had come upon us when my judgment was besotted, and I felt that there was now but one use to make of the reason it had brought back to me. It was due equally to my friend and myself, that there should be an explanation upon the spot.

"Brashleigh," said I, slowly, and mournfully—for now that I had discovered he had never meant to wound my feelings, I could not but shrink from the searching pang I was about to inflict upon those of my friend—"Brashleigh, I am the lover of Gertrude Ashley."

He answered with a withering laugh, which rung wide on the night-breeze, and must have startled the sleeping watchman near. "The lover! is that all? why, so am I the lover of Miss Ashley. If you mean your wooing to date from this, I thank you for so frankly avowing yourself my rival. But if, as from something you but now betrayed, you mean——"

"Hold, sir; one unlucky word on your part may now prevent the full explanation which old friendship prompts me to give without any asking."

"Friendship!"

"Rail not, sneer not, I beseech ye, Brashleigh; every word that I utter to-night, I will be answerable for to-morrow. Only—only



hear me now, or one dear to both of us may rue this night for ever." As I spoke, I moved a step or two with my hand stretched toward him, but shrinking against the tree, as if there were infection in my touch, he waved me back with impatience, and made a mute sign for me to go on. But at this moment an interruption occurred which put a sudden termination to the painful scene, and deferred the explanation which must at some time be had between us.

The sky, calm and cloudless when we first reached the Battery, had changed with that rapidity common to our autumnal climate during the time that we had been upon the Battery. The moon was ever and anon overcast, and the thick scud which obscured her light, was driven in by a raw wind direct from the ocean. Yet the tempest in our own bosoms had prevented us from observing the rising storm, until, as the gale freshened, it came to our ears charged with the cries of some one in distress. The voice was seaward, and we both rushed to the water-side. The uncertain light which here fell upon the short chopping sea, rendered it impossible to distinguish an object a yard from the shore; but, throwing himself upon his breast, so as to lean over the wharf, Brashleigh discovered a drowning man struggling in its shadow, and vainly trying to cling to the slippery logs which at that time faced the pier. Without a moment's hesitation he threw himself into the water, which, notwithstanding the few last Indian-summer days, was perishingly cold from the ice which had already begun to float down the river. The poor wretch to whose rescue he sprang, was nearly exhausted before my gallant friend could seize him, and his limbs were so benumbed with cold that he would slip again and again from the slippery logs as Brashleigh would raise him from the water.

For me to share their danger, would but double the peril of all of us; yet at that hour of midnight there was not a human being within sound of my voice, and how to aid my noble friend I knew not. But now, while he seemed rapidly losing his vigor, his comrade made new and desperate efforts, which the self-sacrificing Brashleigh seconded by placing his hands upon the slimy logs, and allowing the man, by treading upon them, to secure the firm footing of a moment; in the same moment by leaning low from the coping of the wharf, I seized the arm of the stranger and drew him safely to the top, while Brashleigh sank back exhausted in the waves. I was on the point of springing into the water beside him, when, upon turning to the rescued man for some aid and co-operation, I saw him flying from the spot, and almost immediately lost in the darkness beyond. There was no time to curse his hideous ingratitude. His preserver had once more gained the side of the wharf, and was clutching at its slippery face with his bruised and benumbed fingers.



I glanced round frantically for something to aid us. The clouds parted for an instant, and providentially I caught sight of a bench a few yards off; a moment sufficed to tear it from the grass in which it was rooted—and, lowering it over the side of the pier, my friend twined his arms around one end, and I soon again embraced him in safety.\*

The wretch for whom my noble friend thus perilled his invaluable life, proved subsequently to be a deserter from one of the islands in the Bay, and from Brashleigh's military figure mistook him for his officer. This, however, was ascertained long afterward when the same individual became an actor in scenes not less exciting, which Brashleigh and I were yet destined to share together. I saw him home that night, nor did he then again allude to the passages that had recently passed between us; and I retired to take counsel of my pillow as to the part it now became me to act both as a lover and as a friend.

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## LETTER

FROM MISS E. D., BOSTON, TO MISS J. B., NEW-YORK.

My darling Jean, the town is dull,  
 Your Emma's tired of evening parties;—  
 Oh, what a glorious man I saw  
 The other night at Miss M'Carty's!  
 I'm wearied with this ceaseless whirl,  
 This dissipation cold and stupid—  
 His name!—I cannot tell his name,—  
 At least not now; (down! saucy Cupid.

Don't think, my dear, I mean the boy  
 Whose roguish eye is so inviting—  
 I'm speaking to my spaniel-dog,  
 Who won't lie still while I am writing.)

\* We know not where Vanderlyn got this anecdote, but this is precisely the way in which Mr. Charles King, now of the New-York American, saved the life of a deserter from Governor's Island during the last war; with only this difference—that Mr. K., hearing the cries of the sufferer while entering his dwelling in State Street at midnight, rushed alone to his rescue; and when so ungratefully deserted by the man whom he had saved, was himself preserved by some persons, who hearing him shout for assistance, came down to the water-side, and drew him out, when nearly exhausted, in the manner above related.—*Eds. Am. Mon.*

If you could only see his eyes,  
 So large, so dark, so full of meaning—  
 (Not Cupid's, but the man I saw  
 Against a pillar proudly leaning!)

He danced with me some thirteen times,  
 And called, and called the next day after,  
 Morning and evening, and we spent  
 The rosy hours in chat and laughter.  
 He stayed last night till half past twelve,  
 Then, like a joy, from me he glided;—  
 Oh Jeanie, will you write me where  
 To pass the summer you've decided?

Nahant's a bore—and so are all,  
 The fashion-haunted watering-places,  
 Where one for ever sees the same  
 Dull etiquette and duller faces.  
 Give me some quiet, green retreat,  
 Where birds their tuneful notes prolong,  
 And flowers lie scattered under feet,—  
 With *him* to sing that charming song.

Oh, Jeanie, I have heard him sing!  
 His voice is rich as bubbling fountains  
 He sung of climes remote, of streams,  
 And emerald vales, and diamond mountains;  
 And I the while—what did I do?  
 Ah yes! I tore a song to shivers,  
 But how could I be tranquil, when  
 I heard *his* tones—the fond deceiver's!

He looks such quartos full of love,  
 Such tones of soul-entrancing feeling,  
 It has no need of words—his eyes  
 Were to mine own such thoughts revealing.  
 Now do not think that I'm in love;  
 No, no! my dear, the thing is silly.  
 I'll stop a moment, for my maid  
 Has called me off to read a *billet*.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh, Jeanie, Jeanie, he's proposed!  
 I am in such a horrid flurry—  
 Do, pray excuse this hasty scrawl—  
 I am not used, you know, to hurry.  
 The *billet* was from *him*,  
 And what the world to say in answer;  
 No matter, he'll not scold, should I  
 Reproach him with "You naughty man, sir!"

Just think ! he's only seen me twice—  
 (Cupid lie still, you little sinner !)  
 There—as I write, I hear the bell  
 That summons me to dress for dinner.  
 Good by, dear Jean, if you at home  
 Till next September shall have tarried,  
 Don't be surprised, my sweetest friend,  
 To hear your favorite Em is married.

*July, 21st.*

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 SPIRIT OF THE WEST.

THE star of empire to the west  
 Has drawn a host of speculators,  
 With faces magnetized and true  
 As needles to the prize in view ;  
 The highest prize  
 Below the skies  
 It must be, and the greatest, best,  
 That ever had a blank attached,  
 Or else it never would be snatched  
 By such a world of calculators.

For never since the famous day  
 The locust legions went astray  
 And overlaid the eastern world,  
 Nor since the motley crew of Noah  
 Paddled about to find a shore,  
 Has such an ominous,  
 Such an uncommon as-  
 Semblage together before been hurled.

The east with all its patent arts,  
 Its giant brains and pigmy hearts,  
 The south, with all its native fire,  
 The north, with all its native frost,  
 And Europe's bane and Europe's boast,  
 Live specimens from every coast,  
 Join to a man  
 The caravan  
 That over mountain, main and mire,  
 To the great glorious west have crossed.

There's speculation in the eyes  
 That all do glare with. Step aside,  
 The spot thou standest on is holy ;  
 The copper-colored owner lies  
 Beneath the turf ; his copper bride,  
 Roams yonder forest, melancholy.

The measuring-line has crossed the grave  
 "What a fine town-lot! Yes, there must  
 A splendid city locate here;  
 Just see how handsomely the wave  
 Curls round to form a steamboat landing!"  
 Such is the speculating lust  
 In land, perchance, that half the year  
 Lies under water; but no matter,  
 Rivers will rise, and they must scatter  
 Who have more faith than understanding.  
 Such rivers too—the arteries  
 Of this young empire's heart; just hear  
 The pulse that Fulton gave them throbbing;  
 The woods ring out  
 With echoing shout,  
 As puffing by with giant wheeze,  
 The steam-king speeds in full career  
 O'er lurking snag and sawyer bobbing.  
 But hark! 'tis dark,  
 Yon tireless bark  
 Like a demon appears in its restless flight;  
 The cloud that by day  
 Hung over its way  
 Is turned to a pillar of fire by night.  
 And the mountains ring  
 To the dread fire-king,  
 And the waves sweep by with a furious flow,  
 Their crests lit up with an angry glow.  
 One splash—one flash—  
 One horrible crash,  
 And alas! Speculation, alas! for thy cash!  
 One moment above, and the next below,  
 To the bottom the mammon and fire-king go.  
 What a snag was there! but to-morrow you'll see  
 Speculation afloat again, lightened and free.  
 But ne'er again shall he, the brave,  
 Adventurous youth, who nameless lies  
 In yonder nook beside the wave,  
 Pursue the visionary star  
 That lured him from his home too far;  
 Too far from those familiar eyes,  
 That beamed a world of light for him,  
 The light of love that sparkles yet,  
 And never, never shall grow dim;  
 Though hope deferred those lids shall wet,  
 And not an echo shall return  
 Of him who love for glory gave,  
 Nor dreamed how false its flame could burn,—  
 That love alone lights on for ever;  
 The meteor ray  
 That led astray,  
 Set lurid in yon treacherous river  
 That murmurs o'er the Stranger's Grave.

Cincinnati, 1836.



## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*Poems, Narrative and Lyrical. By William Motherwell. 1 Vol. 12mo. pp. 232.*

THE productions of this writer are known to the American public solely through the medium of the English Reviews and Magazines. They have never been republished here, and we are not aware that they have been noticed in any of our periodicals. A very neat volume of Motherwell's Poems, printed at Glasgow, lies upon our table. Some account of the poems, interspersed with extracts of those which strike us as the most remarkable, will, we trust, prove not unamusing to our readers. The first three pieces, which are inferior to all the rest, are intended to be a faint shadowing forth of something like the form and spirit of Norse poetry. We pass over these, and find them followed by an exquisite set of verses written in Scottish phraseology, entitled—

## "JEANIE MORRISON.

" I've wandered east, I've wandered west,  
Through mony a weary way ;  
But never, never can forget  
The luvie o' life's young day !  
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,  
May weel be black gin Yule ;  
But blacker fa' awaits the heart  
Where first fond luvie grows cule.

" O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
The thochts o' bygone years  
Still fling their shadows ower my path,  
And blind my een wi' tears :  
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,  
And sair and sick I pine,  
As memory idly summons up  
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

" 'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,  
'Twas then we twa did part ;  
Sweet time—sad time ! twa bairns at scule,  
Twa bairns, and but ae heart !  
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,  
To leir ilk ither leir ;  
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,  
Remembered evermair.

" I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,  
When sitting on that bink,  
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock'd in loof,  
What our wee heads could think ?  
When baith bent down ower ae braid page,  
Wi' ae buik on our knee,  
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but  
My lesson was in thee.

" Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,  
 How cheeks brent red wi' shame,  
 Whene'er the scule-weans laughin' said,  
 We cleek'd thegither hame ?  
 And mind ye o' the Saturdays,  
 (The scule then skail't at noon),  
 When we ran aff to speel the braces—  
 The broomy braes o' June ?

" My head rins round and round about,  
 My heart flows like a sea,  
 As ane by ane the thochts rush back  
 O' scule-time and o' thee.  
 Oh, mornin' life! oh, mornin' luvè!  
 Oh lightsome days and lang,  
 When hinnied hopes around our hearts  
 Like simmer blossoms sprang !

" Oh mind ye, luvè, how aft we left  
 The deavin' dinsome toun,  
 To wander by the green burnside,  
 And hear its waters croon ?  
 The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,  
 The flowers burst round our feet,  
 And in the gloamin o' the wood,  
 The throssil whusslit sweet ;

" The throssil whusslit in the wood,  
 The burn sang to the trees,  
 And we with Nature's heart in tune,  
 Concerted harmonies ;  
 And on the knowe abune the burn,  
 For hours thegither sat  
 In the silentness o' joy, till baith  
 Wi' very gladness grat.

" Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
 Tears trickled down your cheek,  
 Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane  
 Had ony power to speak !  
 That was a time, a blessed time,  
 When hearts were fresh and young,  
 When freely gushed all feelings forth,  
 Unsyllabled—unsung !

" I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,  
 Gin I hae been to thee  
 As closely twined wi' earliest thochts,  
 As ye hae been to me ?  
 Oh! tell me gin their music fills  
 Thine ear as it does mine ;  
 Oh! say gin e'er your heart grows grit  
 Wi' dreamings o' langsyne ?

" I've wandered east, I've wandered west,  
 I've borne a weary lot ;  
 But in my wanderings, far or near,  
 Ye never were forgot.  
 The fount that first burst frae this heart,  
 Still travels on its way ;  
 And channels deeper as it rins,  
 The luvè o' life's young day.

" O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
 Since we were sindered young,  
 I've never seen your face, nor heard  
 The music o' your tongue ;

But I could hug all wretchedness,  
 And happy could I die,  
 Did I but ken your heart still dreamed  
 O' bygone days and me!"

Had the name of Burns been prefixed to these stanzas, we doubt whether the British critics would not have been thrown into an ecstasy of admiration. Almost as much might be asserted concerning those which are next in order. Though very pathetic and beautiful, we do not quote them, as their style is very similar to the foregoing. The epithet of "original" may with peculiar fitness be applied to all the productions of this author, but to none more than to those entitled "The Madman's Love." They are spun out, however, to a wearisome length, and fatigue us while they excite our admiration. "Halbert the Grim," and "True Love's Dirge," are in the old ballad style. The latter is disfigured by affectations, of which could many of the pieces be disencumbered, they would be manifestly improved. "Ouglou's Onslaught" is a Turkish battle-song, and, contrasted with that which we shall next quote, conveys an idea of the versatility of this author's genius.

#### "OUGLOU'S ONSLAUGHT.

" Tchassan Ouglou is on!  
 Tchassan Ouglou is on!  
 And with him to battle  
 The Faithful are gone.  
 Allah, il allah!  
 The tambour is rung;  
 Into his war-saddle  
 Each Spahi hath swung:—  
 Now the blast of the desert  
 Sweeps over the land,  
 And the pale fires of heaven  
 Gleam in each Damask brand.  
 Alla, il allah!

" Tchassan Ouglou is on!  
 Tchassan Ouglou is on!  
 Abroad on the winds, all  
 His Horse-tails are thrown.  
 'Tis the rush of the eagle  
 Down cleaving through air—  
 'Tis the bound of the lion  
 When roused from his lair.  
 Ha! fiercer and wilder  
 And madder by far—  
 On thunders the might  
 Of the Moslemite war.  
 Alla, il allah!

" Forth lash their wild horses,  
 With loose flowing rein;  
 The steel grides their flank,  
 Their hoof scarce dints the plain.  
 Like the mad stars of heaven,  
 Now the Delis rush out;  
 O'er the thunder of cannon  
 Swells proudly their shout—  
 And sheeted with foam,  
 Like the surge of the sea,  
 Over wreck, death, and woe, rolls  
 Each fierce Osmanli.  
 Alla, il allah!

" Fast forward, still forward,  
 Man follows on man,  
 While the horse-tails are dashing  
 Afar in the van ;—  
 See where yon pale crescent  
 And green turban shine,  
 There, smite for the Prophet,  
 And Othman's great line!  
 Alla, il allah!  
 The fierce war-cry is given—  
 For the flesh of the Giaour  
 Shriek the vultures of heaven  
 Alla, il allah !

" Alla, il allah !  
 How thick, on the plain,  
 The infidels cluster  
 Like ripe, heavy grain.  
 The reaper is coming,  
 The crooked sickle's bare,  
 And the shout of the Faithful  
 Is rending the air.  
 Bismillah! Bismillah!  
 Each far-flashing brand  
 Hath piled its red harvest  
 Of death on the land!  
 Alla, il allah !

" Mark, mark yon green turban  
 That heaves through the fight,  
 Like a tempest-tost bark  
 'Mid the thunders of night;  
 See parting before it,  
 On right and on left,  
 How the dark billows tumble—  
 Each saucy crest cleft!  
 Ay, horseman and footman  
 Reel back in dismay,  
 When the sword of stern Ouglou  
 Is lifted to slay.  
 Alla, il allah !

" Alla, il allah !  
 Tchassan Ouglou is on !  
 O'er the Infidel breast  
 Hath his fiery barb gone:  
 The bullets rain on him,  
 They fall thick as hail;  
 The lances crash round him  
 Like reeds in the gale—  
 But onward, still onward,  
 For God and his law,  
 Through the dark strife of Death  
 Bursts the gallant Pacha.  
 Alla, il allah !

" In the wake of his might—  
 In the path of the wind,  
 Pour the sons of the Faithful,  
 Careering behind;  
 And bending to battle  
 O'er each high saddle-bow,  
 With the sword of Azrael,  
 They sweep down the foe.  
 Alla, il allah !



'Tis Ouglou that cries—  
 In the breath of his nostril  
 The Infidel dies!  
 Alla, il allah!"

"Elfinland Wud" is an imitation of the ancient Scottish Romantic Ballad.  
 How strangely musical are the following!

" THE WATER! THE WATER!

- " The Water! the Water!  
 The joyous brook for me,  
 That tuneth, through the quiet night,  
 Its ever-living glee.  
 The Water! the Water!  
 That sleepless merry heart,  
 Which gurgles on unstintedly,  
 And loveth to impart  
 To all around it some small measure  
 Of its own most perfect pleasure.
- " The Water! the Water!  
 The gentle stream for me,  
 That gushes from the old grey stone,  
 Beside the alder tree.  
 The Water! the Water!  
 That ever-bubbling spring  
 I loved and looked on while a child,  
 In deepest wondering—  
 And asked it whence it came and went,  
 And when its treasures would be spent.
- " The Water! the Water!  
 The merry wanton brook,  
 That bent itself to pleasure me,  
 Like mine own shepherd crook.  
 The Water! the Water!  
 That sang so sweet at noon,  
 And sweeter still all night, to win  
 Smiles from the pale proud moon,  
 And from the little fairy faces  
 That gleam in heaven's remotest places.
- " The Water! the Water!  
 The dear and blessed thing,  
 That all day fed the little flowers  
 On its banks blossoming.  
 The Water! the Water!  
 That murmured in my ear,  
 Hymns of a saint-like purity,  
 That angels well might hear;  
 And whisper, in the gates of heaven,  
 How meek a pilgrim had been shriven.
- " The Water! the Water!  
 Where I have shed salt tears,  
 In loneliness and friendlessness,  
 A thing of tender years.  
 The Water! the Water!  
 Where I have happy been,  
 And showered upon its bosom flowers  
 Culled from each meadow green,  
 And idly hoped my life would be  
 So crowned by love's idolatry.

" The Water! the Water!  
 My heart yet burns to think  
 How cool thy fountain sparkled forth,  
 For parched lip to drink.  
 The Water! the Water!  
 Of mine own native glen;  
 The gladsome tongue I oft have heard,  
 But ne'er shall hear again;  
 Though fancy fills my ear for aye  
 With sounds that live so far away!

" The Water! the Water!  
 The mild and glassy wave,  
 Upon whose broomy banks I've longed  
 To find my silent grave.  
 The Water! the Water!  
 Oh bless'd to me thou art;  
 Thus sounding in life's solitude,  
 The music of my heart,  
 And filling it, despite of sadness,  
 With dreamings of departed gladness.

" The Water! the Water!  
 The mournful pensive tone,  
 That whispered to my heart how soon  
 This weary life was done.  
 The Water! the Water!  
 That rolled so bright and free,  
 And bade me mark how beautiful  
 Was its soul's purity;  
 And how it glanced to heaven its wave,  
 As wandering on it sought its grave."

#### " THE JOYS OF THE WILDERNESS.

" I have a wish, and it is this, that in some uncouth glen,  
 It were my lot to find a spot unknown by selfish men;  
 Where I might be securely free, like Eremite of old,  
 From Worldly guile, from Woman's wile, and Friendships brief and cold;  
 And where I might, with stern delight, enjoy the varied form  
 Of Nature's mood, in every rude burst of the thundering storm.

" Then would my life, lacking fierce strife, glide on in dreamy gladness,  
 Nor would I know the cark and woe which come of this world's madness;  
 While in a row, like some poor show, its pageantries would pass,  
 Without a sigh, before mine eye, as shadows o'er a glass:  
 Nonentity these shadows be—and yet, good Lord! how brave  
 That knavish rout doth strut and flout, then shrink into the grave!

" The Wilderness breathes gentleness;—these waters bubbling free,  
 The gallant breeze that stirs the trees, form Heaven's own melody;  
 The far-stretched sky, with its bright eye, pours forth a tide of love  
 On every thing that here doth spring, on all that glows above.  
 But live with man—his dark heart scan—its paltry selfishness  
 Will show to thee, why men like me, love the lone Wilderness!"

#### "CERTAIN PLEASANT VERSES TO THE LADY OF MY HEART.

" The murmur of the merry brook,  
 As gushingly and free  
 It wimples with its sun-bright look,  
 Far down yon sheltered lea,  
 Humming to every drowsy flower  
 A low quaint lullaby,  
 Speaks to my spirit, at this hour,  
 Of Love and thee.

" The music of the gay green wood,  
 When every leaf and tree  
 Is coaxed by winds of gentlest mood,  
 To utter harmony;  
 And the small birds that answer make  
 To the wind's fitful glee,  
 In me most blissful visions wake,  
 Of Love and thee.

" The rose perks up its blushing cheek,  
 So soon as it can see  
 Along the eastern hills, one streak  
 Of the Sun's majesty:  
 Laden with dewy gems, it gleams  
 A precious freight to me,  
 For each pure drop thereon me seems  
 A type of thee.

" And when abroad in summer morn,  
 I hear the blythe bold bee  
 Winding aloft his tiny horn,  
 (An errant knight perdy,)  
 That winged hunter of rare sweets  
 O'er many a far country,  
 To me a lay of love repeats,  
 Its subject—thee.

" And when, in midnight hour, I note  
 The stars so pensively,  
 In their mild beauty, onward float  
 Through heaven's own silent sea:  
 My heart is in their voyaging  
 To realms where spirits be,  
 But its mate, in such wandering,  
 Is ever thee!

" But oh, the murmur of the brook,  
 The music of the tree;  
 The rose with its sweet shamefast look,  
 The booming of the bee;  
 The course of each bright voyager  
 In heaven's unmeasured sea,  
 Would not one heart-pulse of me stir,  
 Loved I not thee!"

"Tim the Tacket—a lyrical ballad, supposed to be written by W. W.," is a failure; for the lines do not seem in the least like Wordsworth's. The "Witches' Joys" can only please those who have a morbid appetite for the horrible. They are fully atoned for, however, by—

" THEY COME! THE MERRY SUMMER MONTHS.

" They come! the merry summer months of Beauty, Song, and Flowers;  
 They come! the gladsome months that bring thick leafiness to bowers.  
 Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad, fling cark and care aside,  
 Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful waters glide;  
 Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal tree,  
 Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt tranquillity.

" The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grateful to the hand,  
 And, like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze is sweet and bland;  
 The daisy and the buttercup are nodding courteously,  
 It stirs their blood, with kindest love, to bless and welcome thee:  
 And mark how with thine own thin locks—they now are silvery grey—  
 That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whispering "Be gay!"

" There is no cloud that sails along the ocean of yon sky,  
But hath its own winged mariners to give it melody:  
Thou see'st their glittering fans outspread all gleaming like red gold,  
And hark! with shrill pipe musical, their merry course they hold.  
God bless them all, these little ones, who far above this earth,  
Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vent a nobler mirth.

" But soft! mine ear upcaught a sound, from yonder wood it came;  
The spirit of the dim green glade did breathe his own glad name;—  
Yes, it is he! the hermit bird, that apart from all his kind,  
Slow spells his beads monotonous to the soft western wind;  
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! he sings again—his notes are void of art,  
But simplest strains do soonest sound the deep founts of the heart!

" Good Lord! it is a gracious boon for thought-crazed wight like me,  
To smell again these summer flowers beneath this summer tree!  
To suck once more in every breath their little souls away,  
And feed my fancy with fond dreams of youth's bright summer day,  
When, rushing forth like untamed colt, the reckless truant boy,  
Wandered through green woods all day long, a mighty heart of joy!

" I'm sadder now, I have had cause; but oh! I'm proud to think  
That each pure joy-fount loved of yore, I yet delight to drink;—  
Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream, the calm unclouded sky,  
Still mingle music with my dreams, as in the days gone by.  
When summer's loveliness and light fall round me dark and cold,  
I'll dear indeed life's heaviest curse—a heart that hath waxed old!"

The latter part of the volume is occupied by a short collection of songs—all, with one or two exceptions, beautiful. We wish that our limits would allow us to quote more from this charming volume than the two specimens with which we must conclude.

#### " THE KNIGHT'S SONG.

" Endearing! endearing!  
Why so endearing  
Are those dark lustrous eyes,  
Through their silk fringes peering?  
They love me! they love me!  
Deeply, sincerely;  
And more than aught else on earth,  
I love them dearly.

" Endearing! endearing!  
Why so endearing  
Glow the glad sunny smile  
On thy soft cheek appearing?  
It brightens! it brightens!  
As I am nearing;  
And 'tis thus that thy fond smile  
Is ever endearing.

" Endearing! endearing!  
Why so endearing  
Is that lute-breathing voice  
Which my rapt soul is hearing?  
'Tis singing, 'tis singing  
Thy deep love for me,  
And my faithful heart echoes  
Devotion to thee.

" Endearing! endearing!  
Why so endearing,  
At each Passage of Arms  
Is the herald's bold cheering?



'Tis then thou art kneeling  
 With pure hands to heaven,  
 And each prayer of thy heart  
 For my good lance is given.

"Endearing! endearing!  
 Why so endearing  
 Is the fillet of silk  
 That my right arm is wearing?  
 Once it veiled the bright bosom  
 That beats but for me;  
 Now it circles the arm that  
 Wins glory for thee!"

"MAY MORN SONG.

"The grass is wet with shining dews,  
 Their silver bells hang on each tree,  
 While opening flower and bursting bud  
 Breathe incense forth unceasingly;  
 The mavis pipes in greenwood shaw,  
 The throstle glads the spreading thorn,  
 And cheerily the blythsome lark  
 Salutes the rosy face of morn.  
 'Tis early prime;  
 And hark! hark! hark!  
 His merry chime  
 Chirrup the lark:  
 Chirrup! chirrup! he heralds in  
 The jolly sun with matin hymn.

"Come, come, my love! and May-dews shake  
 In pailfuls from each drooping bough,  
 They'll give fresh lustre to the bloom  
 That breaks upon thy young cheek now.  
 O'er hill and dale, o'er waste and wood,  
 Aurora's smiles are streaming free;  
 With earth it seems brave holiday,  
 In heaven it looks high jubilee.  
 And it is right,  
 For mark, love, mark!  
 How bathed in light  
 Chirrup the lark:  
 Chirrup! chirrup! he upward flies,  
 Like holy thoughts to cloudless skies.

"They lack all heart who cannot feel  
 The voice of heaven within them thrill,  
 In summer morn, when mounting high  
 This merry minstrel sings his fill.  
 Now let us seek yon bosky dell  
 Where brightest wild-flowers choose to be,  
 And where its clear stream murmurs on,  
 Meet type of our love's purity:  
 No witness there,  
 And o'er us, hark!  
 High in the air  
 Chirrup the lark:  
 Chirrup! chirrup! away soars he,  
 Bearing to heaven my vows to thee!"

*The Rocky Mountains ; or, Scenes, Incidents, and Adventures in the Far West. Digested from the Journal of Captain B. L. E. Bonneville, U. S. A. ; and illustrated from various other sources. By Washington Irving. 2 Vols. Philadelphia ; Carey, Lea and Blanchard.*

THESE volumes, which may be considered a kind of sequel to "Astoria," complete the picture of the great mountain wilderness of the West begun in the latter work, and possess equal interest and raciness. They record not merely the doings of Captain Bonneville in his adventurous expedition, but may be considered a history of a new race of "Alligators," genuine descendants of the old Salt River stock—the Free Trappers of the Rocky Mountains; whose wild freaks and daring achievements, their sufferings and perils, among regions—"rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven"—the most extraordinary on earth, and among savage races varied with every characteristic of which savage life is capable, are set forth to the life. "To me," says Mr. Flint in his preface to *Pattie's Narrative*,\* and we write approval to the sentiment, "there is a kind of moral sublimity in the contemplation of the adventures and daring of such men. They read a lesson to skinking and effeminate spirits, the men of soft hands and fashionable life, whose frames the winds of heaven are not allowed to visit too roughly. They tend to re-inspire something of that simplicity of manners, manly hardihood, and Spartan energy and force of character, which formed so conspicuous a part of the nature of the settlers of the Western wilderness."

Our first extract illustrates the generosity of the Chief of the Nez Percés, a very venerable, patriarchal, and kind-hearted old fellow.

#### THE GIFT HORSE.

"Captain Bonneville slept in the lodge of the venerable patriarch, who had evidently conceived a most disinterested affection for him, as was shown on the following morning. The travellers, invigorated by a good supper, and 'fresh from the bath of repose,' were about to resume their journey, when this affectionate old chief took the captain aside, to let him know how much he loved him. As a proof of his regard, he had determined to give him a fine horse; which would go further than words, and put his good-will beyond all question. So saying, he made a signal, and forthwith a beautiful young horse, of a brown color, was led, prancing and snorting, to the place. Captain Bonneville was suitably affected by this mark of friendship; but his experience in what is proverbially called 'Indian giving,' made him aware that a parting pledge was necessary on his own part to prove that this friendship was reciprocated. He accordingly placed a handsome rifle in the hands of the venerable chief, whose benevolent heart was evidently touched and gratified by this outward and visible sign of amity.

"The worthy captain having now, as he thought, balanced this little account of friendship, was about to shift his saddle to this noble gift-horse, when the affectionate patriarch plucked him by the sleeve, and introduced to him a whimpering, whining, leathern-skinned old squaw, that might have passed for an Egyptian mummy without drying. 'This,' said he, 'is my wife; she is a good wife—I love her very much. She loves the horse—she loves him a great deal—she will cry very much at losing him. I do not know how I shall comfort her, and that makes my heart very sore.'

\* Published in Cincinnati, in 1833, and edited by Mr. Flint, but not in a manner to advance either the interests of the author, (a trader to Santa Fe, and afterwards a trapper of six years' standing in New California,) or, we conceive, the reputation of the editor. The work *might* have been made extremely interesting and successful, had not Mr. F., in his anxiety to preserve "its keeping the charm of its simplicity," &c., suffered it to go before the world with all its defects and blunders uncorrected.

"What could the worthy captain do to console the tender-hearted old squaw; and, peradventure, to save the venerable patriarch from a curtain lecture? He bethought himself of a pair of earbobs: it was true, the patriarch's better half was of an age and appearance that seemed to put personal vanity out of the question: but when is personal vanity extinct? The moment he produced the glittering earbobs, the whimpering and whining of the sempiternal beldame was at an end. She eagerly placed the precious baubles in her ears, and, though as ugly as the Witch of Endor, went off with a sideling gait and coquettish air, as though she had been a perfect Semiramis.

"The captain had now saddled his newly-acquired steed, and his foot was in the stirrup, when the affectionate patriarch again stepped forward, and presented to him a young Pierced-nose, who had a peculiarly sulky look. 'This,' said the venerable chief, 'is my son: he is very good; a great horseman—he always took care of this very fine horse—he brought him up from a colt, and made him what he is. He is very fond of this fine horse—he loves him like a brother—his heart will be very heavy when this fine horse leaves the camp.'

"What could the captain do to reward the youthful hope of this venerable pair, and comfort him for the loss of his foster-brother, the horse? He bethought him of a hatchet, which might be spared from his slender stores. No sooner did he place the implement in the hands of young hopeful, than his countenance brightened up, and he went off rejoicing in his hatchet, to the full as much as did his respectable mother in her earbobs.

"The captain was now in the saddle, and about to start, when the affectionate old patriarch stepped forward for the third time, and while he laid one hand gently on the mane of the horse, held up the rifle in the other. 'This rifle,' said he, 'shall be my great medicine. I will hug it to my heart—I will always love it, for the sake of my good friend, the bald-headed chief.—But a rifle, by itself, is dumb—I cannot make it speak. If I had a little powder and ball, I would take it out with me, and would now and then shoot a deer: and when I brought the meat home to my hungry family, I would say—this was killed by the rifle of my friend, the bald-headed chief, to whom I gave that very fine horse.'

"There was no resisting this appeal: the captain, forthwith, furnished the coveted supply of powder and ball; but at the same time put spurs to his very fine gift-horse, and the first trial of his speed was to get out of all further manifestation of friendship on the part of the affectionate old patriarch and his insinuating family."

The extracts below give curious specimens of Border characters.

#### FRENCH AND AMERICAN TRAPPERS.

"It is not easy to do justice to the exulting feelings of the worthy captain at finding himself at the head of a stout band of hunters, trappers, and woodmen, fairly launched on the broad prairies, with his face to the boundless west. The tamest inhabitant of cities, the veriest spoiled child of civilization, feels his heart dilate and his pulse beat high, on finding himself on horseback in the glorious wilderness; what then must be the excitement of one whose imagination had been stimulated by a residence on the frontier, and to whom the wilderness was a region of romance!

"His hardy followers partook of his excitement. Most of them had already experienced the wild freedom of savage life, and looked forward to a renewal of past scenes of adventure and exploit. Their very appearance and equipment exhibited a piebald mixture, half civilized and half savage. Many of them looked more like Indians than white men, in their garbs and accoutrements, and their very horses were caparisoned in barbaric style, with fantastic trappings. The outset of a band of adventurers on one of these expeditions is always animated and joyous. The welkin rang with their shouts and yelps, after the manner of the savages; and with boisterous jokes and light-hearted laughter. As they passed the straggling hamlets and solitary cabins that fringe the skirts of the frontier, they would startle their inmates by Indian yells and war-whoops, or regale them with grotesque feats of Indian horsemanship, well suited to their half savage appearance. Most of these abodes were inhabited by men who had themselves been in similar expeditions; they welcomed the travellers, therefore, as brother trappers, treated them with a hunter's hospitality, and cheered them with an honest Good speed, at parting.

"And here we would remark a great difference, in point of character and quality, between the two classes of trappers, the 'American' and 'French,' as they are called in contradistinction. The latter is meant to designate the French creole of Canada or Louisiana; the former, the trapper of the old American stock, from Kentucky, Tennessee, and others of the western states. The French trapper is represented as a lighter, softer, more self-indulgent kind of man. He must have his Indian wife, his lodge, and his petty conveniences. He is gay and thoughtless, takes little heed of landmarks, depends upon his leaders and companions to think for the common weal, and, if left to himself, is easily perplexed and lost.

"The American trapper stands by himself, and is peerless for the service of the wilderness. Drop him in the midst of a prairie, or in the heart of the mountains, and he is never at a loss. He notices every landmark; can retrace his route through the most monotonous plains, or the most perplexed labyrinths of the mountains; no danger nor difficulty can appal him, and he scorns to complain under any privation. In equipping the two kinds of trappers, the creole and Canadian are apt to prefer the light fusée; the American always grasps the rifle: he deposes what he calls the 'shot-gun.' We give these estimates on the authority of a trader of long experience, and a foreigner by birth. 'I consider one American,' said he, 'equal to three Canadians in point of sagacity, aptness at resources, self-dependence, and fearlessness of spirit. In fact, no one can cope with him as a stark tramper of the wilderness.'"

#### THE DELAWARE HUNTER.

"Beside the two classes of trappers just mentioned, Captain Bonneville had enlisted several Delaware Indians in his employ, on whose hunting qualifications he placed great reliance. One of these, named Buckeye, had often prided himself on his skill and success in coping with the grizzly bear, that terror of the hunters. Though crippled in the left arm, he declared he had no hesitation to close with a wounded bear, and attack him with a sword. If armed with a rifle, he was willing to brave the animal when in full force and fury. He had twice an opportunity of proving his prowess in the course of this mountain journey, and was each time successful. His mode was to seat himself upon the ground, with his rifle cocked and resting on his lame arm. Thus prepared, he would await the approach of the bear with perfect coolness, nor pull trigger until he was close at hand. In each instance he laid the monster dead upon the spot."

#### DEATH OF A BOLD PARTISAN.

"It was thought best to divide their forces and try different trapping grounds. While Dripps went in one direction, Vanderburgh, with about fifty men, proceeded in another. The latter, in his headlong march, had got into the very heart of the Blackfoot country, yet seems to have been unconscious of his danger. As his scouts were out one day, they came upon the traces of a recent band of savages. There were the deserted fires still smoking, surrounded by the carcasses of buffaloes just killed. It was evident a party of Blackfeet had been frightened from their hunting camp, and had retreated, probably to seek reinforcements. The scouts hastened back to the camp, and told Vanderburgh what they had seen. He made light of the alarm, and, taking nine men with him, galloped off to reconnoitre for himself. He found the deserted hunting camp just as they had represented it; there lay the carcasses of buffaloes, partly dismembered; there were the smouldering fires, still faintly sending up their wreaths of smoke: every thing bore traces of recent and hasty retreat, and gave reason to believe that the savages were still lurking in the neighborhood. With needless daring, Vanderburgh put himself upon their trail, to trace them to their place of concealment. It led him over prairies, and through skirts of woodland, until it entered a dark and dangerous ravine. Vanderburgh pushed in, without hesitation, followed by his little band. They soon found themselves in a gloomy dell, between steep banks overhung with trees; where the profound silence was only broken by the tramp of their own horses.

"Suddenly the horrid war-whoop burst on their ears, mingled with the sharp report of rifles, and a legion of savages sprang from their concealments, yelling, and shaking their buffalo robes, to frighten the horses. Vanderburgh's horse fell, mortally wounded by the first discharge. In his fall, he pinned his rider to the ground; who called in vain upon his men to assist in extricating him. One was



shot down and scalped a few paces distance: most of the others were severely wounded, and sought their safety in flight. The savages approached to despatch the unfortunate leader as he lay struggling beneath his horse. He had still his rifle in his hand and his pistols in his belt. The first savage that advanced received the contents of the rifle in his breast, and fell dead upon the spot; but before Vanderburgh could draw a pistol, a blow from a tomahawk laid him prostrate, and he was despatched by repeated wounds.

"Such was the fate of Major Henry Vanderburgh, one of the best and worthiest leaders of the American Fur Company; who, by his manly bearing and dauntless courage, is said to have made himself universally popular among the bold-hearted rovers of the wilderness.

"Those of the little band who escaped, fled in consternation to the camp, and spread the most direful reports of the force and ferocity of the enemy. The party, being without a head, were in complete confusion and dismay, and made a precipitate retreat without attempting to recover the remains of their butchered leader. They made no halt until they reached an encampment of the Pends Oreilles, or Hanging-ears, where they offered a reward for the recovery of the body, but without success; it never could be found."

Mr. Irving is no follower of the school of Marmontel and Chateaubriand, no painter of Indian *Coras* and *Chactases*, although he relates some anecdotes, as will be found below, illustrative of the tender passion.

#### ANECDOTE OF A YOUNG MEXICAN AND AN INDIAN GIRL.

"At length, one day, a large band of Blackfeet appeared in the open field, but in the vicinity of rocks and cliffs. They kept at a wary distance, but made friendly signs. The trappers replied in the same way, but likewise kept aloof. A small party of Indians now advanced, bearing the pipe of peace: they were met by an equal number of white men, and they formed a group, midway between the two bands, where the pipe was circulated from hand to hand, and smoked with all due ceremony. An instance of natural affection took place at this pacific meeting. Among the free trappers, in the Rocky Mountain band, was a spirited young Mexican, named Loretto; who, in the course of his wanderings, had ransomed a beautiful Blackfoot girl from a band of Crows, by whom she had been captured. He had made her his wife, after the Indian style, and she had followed his fortunes ever since with the most devoted affection.

"Among the Blackfeet warriors who advanced with the calumet of peace, she recognised a brother. Leaving her infant with Loretto, she rushed forward and threw herself upon her brother's neck: who clasped his long-lost sister to his heart with a warmth of affection but little compatible with the reputed stoicism of the savage.

"While this scene was taking place, Bridget left the main body of trappers, and rode slowly towards the group of smokers, with his rifle resting across the pommel of his saddle. The chief of the Blackfeet stepped forward to meet him. From some unfortunate feeling of distrust, Bridget cocked his rifle just as the chief was extending his hand in friendship. The quick ear of the savage caught the click of the lock; in a twinkling he grasped the barrel, forced the muzzle downward, and the contents were discharged into the earth at his feet. His next movement was to wrest the weapon from the hand of Bridget, and fell him with it to the earth. He might have found this no easy task, had not the unfortunate leader received two arrows in his back during the struggle.

"The chief now sprang into the vacant saddle and galloped off to his band. A wild hurry-scurry scene ensued; each party took to the banks, the rocks, and trees, to gain favorable positions, and an irregular firing was kept up on either side without much effect. The Indian girl had been hurried off by her people at the outbreak of the affray. She would have returned, through the dangers of the fight, to her husband and her child, but was prevented by her brother. The young Mexican saw her struggles and her agony, and heard her piercing cries. With a generous impulse he caught up the child in his arms, rushed forward, regardless of Indian shaft or rifle, and placed it in safety upon her bosom. Even the savage heart of the Blackfoot chief was reached by this noble deed. He pronounced Loretto a madman for his temerity, but bade him depart in peace. The young Mexican hesitated: he urged to have his wife restored to him, but her brother interfered, and the countenance of the chief grew dark. The girl, he

said, belonged to his tribe—she must remain with her people. Loretto would still have lingered, but his wife implored him to depart, lest his life should be endangered. It was with the greatest reluctance that he returned to his companions.

"The approach of night put an end to the skirmishing fire of the adverse parties, and the savages drew off without renewing their hostilities. We cannot but remark, that both in this affair and in that at Pierre's Hole, the affray commenced by a hostile act on the part of white men at the moment when the Indian warrior was extending the hand of amity. In neither instance, as far as circumstances have been stated to us by different persons, do we see any reason to suspect the savage chiefs of perfidy in their overtures of friendship. They advanced in the confiding way, usual among Indians, when they bear the pipe of peace and consider themselves sacred from attack. If we violate the sanctity of this ceremonial by any hostile movement on our part, it is we that incur the charge of faithlessness; and we doubt not, that in both these instances the white men have been considered by the Blackfeet as the aggressors, and have, in consequence, been held up as men not to be trusted.

"A word to conclude the romantic incident of Loretto and his Indian bride. A few months subsequent to the event just related, the young Mexican settled his accounts with the Rocky Mountain Company, and obtained his discharge. He then left his comrades and set off to rejoin his wife and child among her people; and we understand that, at the time we are writing these pages, he resides at a trading-house established of late by the American Fur Company in the Blackfoot country, where he acts as an interpreter, and has his Indian girl with him."

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*Society in America; by Harriet Martineau. 2 vols. Saunders & Olley. Second Notice.*

As the last work of Miss Martineau becomes more generally circulated, it calls out a very different expression of opinion from that which hailed its first appearance, when a few extracts copied from the English papers gave its complexion to the popular judgment. The writer is now allowed to be, with the exception of La Trobe, the most candid, and, without any exception, the most profound and judicious tourist that has yet written upon our institutions. The work has undoubtedly many marked errors, but they are happily so marked and so peculiar, that they stand out from the body of her observations without at all impairing their general effect; they are mere surface blemishes and not essential defects. On the other side, there are many passages in these volumes which ought to be widely circulated in this country. Our people are so fond of looking abroad for instruction, that when that instruction happens to be sound, it bears an authority of such weight with it, that no means should be spared of placing it within their reach. The ignorance of American women upon grave political subjects, so severely commented upon by Miss Martineau, may in no slight degree be remedied by reading the commentaries of one of their own sex upon the constitution and laws which they live under. Nor do we think that any of the absurdities uttered elsewhere by Miss Martineau about the rights of women, should invalidate her excellent observations upon those points which were within the grasp of her mind. It is therefor that we have again reverted to "*Society in America*," and enriched our present number with the following extracts.

MANNERS.

"I imagine that the English who have complained the most copiously of the vulgarity of American manners, have done so from two causes: from using their own conventional notions as a standard of manners, (which is a vulgarity in themselves;) and also from their intercourse with the Americans having been confined to those who consider themselves the aristocracy of the United States;

the wealthy and showy citizens of the Atlantic ports. Foreign travellers are most hospitably received by this class of society; introduced to the 'first people in Boston,'—'in New-York,'—'in Philadelphia,' and taught to view the country with the eyes of their hosts. No harm is intended here; it is very natural: but it is not the way for strangers to obtain an understanding of the country and the people. The traveller who chooses industriously to see for himself, not with European or aristocratic merely, but with human eyes, will find the real aristocracy of the country, not only in ball-rooms and bank-parlors, but also in fishing-boats, in stores, in college chambers, and behind the plough. Till he has seen all this, and studied the natural manners of the natural aristocracy, he is no more justified in applying the word 'vulgar' to more than a class, than an American would be who should call all the English vulgar when he had seen only the London alderman class."

#### THE PRESIDENT'S LEVEE.

"One of the most remarkable sights in the country is the President's levee. Nothing is easier than to laugh at it. There is probably no mode in which a number of human beings can assemble which may not be laughable from one point of view or another. The President's levee presents many facilities for ridicule. Men go there in plaid cloaks and leather belts, with all manner of wigs, and offer a large variety of obeisance to the chief magistrate. Women go in bonnets and shawls, talk about the company, stand upon chairs to look over people's heads, and stare at the large rooms. There was a story of two girls, thus dressed, being lifted up by their escorting gentlemen, and seated on the two ends of the mantel-piece, like lustres, where they could obtain a view of the company as they entered. To see such people mixed in with foreign ambassadors and their suites, to observe the small mutual knowledge of classes and persons who thus meet on terms of equality, is amusing enough. But, amidst much that was laughable, I certainly felt that I was seeing a fine spectacle. If the gentry of Washington desire to do away with the custom, they must be unaware of the dignity which resides in it, and which is apparent to the eye of a stranger, through any inconveniences which it may have. I am sorry that its recurrence is no longer annual. I am sorry that the practice of distributing refreshments is relinquished: though this is a matter of less importance and of more inconvenience. If the custom itself should ever be given up, the bad taste of such a surrender will be unquestionable. There should be some time and place where the chief magistrate and the people may meet to exchange their respects, all other business being out of the question: and I should like to see the occasion made annual again.

"I saw no bad manners at the President's levee, except on the part of a silly, swaggering Englishman. All was quiet and orderly; and there was an air of gaiety which rather surprised me. The great people were amused at the aspect of the assembly: and the humbler at the novelties that were going on before their eyes. Our party went at eight o'clock. As we alighted from the carriage, I saw a number of women, well attended, going up the steps in the commonest morning walking-dress. In the hall were parties of young men, exhibiting their graces in a walk from end to end: and ladies throwing off their shawls, and displaying the most splendid dresses. The President, with some members of his cabinet on either hand, stood in the middle of the first room, ready to bow to all the ladies, and shake hands with all the gentlemen who presented themselves. The company then passed on to the fire-place, where stood the ladies of the President's family, attended by the Vice-president, and the Secretary of the Treasury. From this point the visitors dispersed themselves through the rooms, chatting in groups in the Blue-room, or joining the immense promenade in the great East room. After two circuits there, I went back to the reception-room, by far the most interesting to an observer. I saw one ambassador after another enter with his suite; the Judges of the Supreme Court; the majority of the members of both Houses of Congress; and, intermingled with these, the plainest farmers, store-keepers, and mechanics, with their primitive wives and simple daughters. Some looked merry; some looked busy; but none bashful. I believe there were three thousand persons present."

#### THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT.

"It has always appeared to me that much misapprehension is occasioned by its being supposed that the strength of the general government lies in the number



of its functions, and its weakness in the extent of its area. To me it appears directly the reverse. A government which has the management of all the concerns of a people, the greater and the smaller, preserves its stability by the general interest in its more important functions. If you desire to weaken it, you must withdraw from its guardianship the more general and important of its affairs. If you desire to shield it from cavil and attack, you must put the more local and partial objects of its administration under other management. If the general government of the United States had to manage all legislation and administration within their boundaries, it could hardly hold together one year. If it had only one function essential to all, and impossible to be otherwise fulfilled, there seems no reason why it should not work prosperously till there are fifty States around it, and longer. The importance of the functions of the general government depends partly upon the universality of the interest in them; and partly upon the numbers included under them. So far, therefore, from the enlargement of the area of the United States being perilous to the general government, by making it 'cumbrous,' as many fear, it seems to me likely to work a directly contrary effect. There are strong reasons why an extension of her area would be injurious to her, but I cannot regard this as one. A government which has to keep watch over the defence, foreign policy, commerce, and currency, of from twenty-five to fifty small republics, is safer in the guardianship of its subjects than if it had to manage these same affairs for one large republic, with the additional superintendence of its debtors, its libellers, and the crows of its corn-fields.

"Little or no room for rebellion seems to be left under the constitution of the United States."

#### THE STATE GOVERNMENTS.

"The state governments are the conservative power, enabling the will of the majority to act with freedom and convenience. Though the nation is but an aggregation of individuals, as regards the general government, their division into States, for the management of their domestic affairs, precludes a vast amount of confusion and discord. Their mutual vigilance is also a great advantage to their interests, both within each State, and abroad. No tyrant, or tyrannical party, can remain unwatched and unchecked. There is, in each State, a people ready for information and complaint when necessary; a legislature ready for deliberation; and an executive ready to act. Many States, in other ages and regions, have been lost through the necessity of creating their instruments when they should have been acting. State organization is never managed without dispute; and it makes the entire difference in the success of resistance to aggression whether the necessary apparatus has to be created in haste and confusion, or whether every thing is in readiness for executing the will of the majority.

"Under no other arrangement, perhaps, could the advantage be secured of every man being, in his turn, a servant of the commonwealth. If the general government managed every thing, the public service would soon become the privilege of a certain class, or a number of classes of men; as is seen to be the case elsewhere. The relation and gradation of service which are now so remarkable a feature in the United States commonwealth, could never then happen naturally, as they now do. Almost every man serves in his township in New-England, and in the corresponding ward or section elsewhere, and has his capability tried; and, if worthy, he serves his county, his State, and finally the Union, in Congress. Such is the theory: and if not followed up well in practice, if some of the best men never get beyond serving their township, and some of the worst now and then get into Congress, the people are unquestionably better served than if the selection of servants depended on accident, or the favor of men in power. Whatever extraneous impediments may interfere with the true working of the theory, every citizen feels, or ought to feel, what a glorious career may lie before him. In his country, every road to success is open to all. There are no artificial disqualifications which may not be surmounted. All *humbug*, whether of fashion and show, of sanctimoniousness, of licentiousness, or of any thing else, is there destined to speedy failure and retribution. There is no hereditary *humbug* in the United States. If the honest, wise man, feels himself depressed below the knave, he has, if he did but know it, only to wait patiently a little while, and he will have his due. Though truth is equally great every where, and equally sure ultimately to prevail, men of other countries have often to wait till they reach the better country than all, before they witness this ultimate prevalence, except with the eye of faith. The young nation over the Atlantic is indulged, for the encou-



ragement, with a speedier retribution for her well or ill doings; and almost every one of her citizens, if he be truly honorable, may trust to be fitly honored before he dies.

"Another conservative effect of the state governments is the facilities they afford for the correction of solecisms, the renovation of institutions as they are outgrown, and the amendment of all unsuitable arrangements. If any thing wants to be rectified in any State, it can be done on the mere will of the people concerned. There is no imploring of an uninterested government at a distance—a government so occupied with its foreign relations as to have little attention to spare for domestic grievances which it does not feel. There is no waiting any body's pleasure; nobody's leave to ask. The remedy is so close at hand, those who are to give it are so nearly concerned, that it may always, and, for the most part, speedily, be obtained, upon good cause being shown. No external observance is needed, except of the few and express prohibitions which the general and state governments have interchanged."

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*Erato; No. III. By William D. Gallagher. Cincinnati; Alexander Flash.*

WE have spoken of the earlier Numbers of this series with commendation in the American Monthly, and some of our readers may probably recollect one or two beautiful extracts quoted at the time, of which a description of August was the most striking. Whether it be that the first published efforts of Mr. Gallagher's muse awakened undue expectation in us, or whether he has not actually fulfilled the promise that he gave, we know not; but while exceedingly pleased with the greater portion of the contents of *Erato No. 3*, we must confess that the author has not yet come up to our anticipations of what he was capable of doing. His taste seems hardly to have matured since we met him last, nor are its errors compensated by any increasing exuberance of fancy. In a word, had this been the first production of the author that met our eye we should have used the same term of praise that we have before applied in speaking of him as a poet of rare promise. But Mr. Gallagher has had time to school his muse to a more finished performance, and we must therefore abate a jot of our approbation. To give the reader an idea of the inequality of Mr. Gallagher's hand, let him read the following exquisite invocation to May, and compare it with the trashy lines we have placed below in contrast.

"Would that thou couldst last for aye,  
Merry, ever merry May,  
Made of sun-gleams, shade and showers,  
Bursting buds and breathing flowers;  
Dripping-lock'd and rosy-vested,  
Violet-slippered, rainbow-crested;  
Girdled with the eglantine,  
Festoon'd with the dewy vine,  
Merry, ever merry May,  
Would that thou couldst live for aye."

There is a breathing joyousness in these lines that reminds us of the best old British poets; but what common-place twaddle this is—

"— And though but little  
She understood of tattle tittle  
Or tittle tattle, and could not  
Paint insect, fruit, or flower-pot,  
Nor bend her o'er the last new play  
Or tale, and weep the hours away;

Nor murder French. Nor endlessly  
 Sit drumming on an ivory key,  
 Nor scour the city low and high,  
 As gaudy as a butterfly,  
 With mincing gait and tortured feet,  
 To ache whene'er the ground they meet,  
 Yet generous impulses were hers," &c., &c.

If this passage did not occur in the midst of a serious and happily poetic description of a heroine, we should think that a writer of Mr. Gallagher's power had intended it for an ironical imitation of some cockney newspaper scribbler. But there are better things here to speak of; and upon again recurring to the piece on May, of which we have given the first stanza, to "The Last Appeal," "The Mothers of the West," and some of the passages of "Cadwallen," they have given us so much pleasure, that we are inclined to take back all our exceptions to the other contents of the volume, of which we now take our leave by quoting the following spirited invocation to the West—

"Land of the West!—green Forest-Land!  
 Clime of the fair, and the immense!  
 Favorite of Nature's liberal hand—  
 And child of her munificence!  
 Fill'd with a rapture warm, intense,  
 High on a cloud-girt hill I stand;  
 And with clear vision gazing thence,  
 Thy glories round me far expand:  
 Rivers, whose likeness earth has not,  
 And lakes, that elsewhere seas would be,—  
 Whose shores the countless wild herds dot,  
 Fleet as the winds, and all as free;  
 Mountains that pierce the bending sky,  
 And with the storm-cloud warfare wage,—  
 Shooting their glittering peaks on high,  
 To mock the fierce red lightning's rage;  
 Arcadian vales, with vine-hung bow'rs,  
 And grassy nooks, 'neath beechen shade,  
 Where dance the never-resting Hours,  
 To music of the bright cascade;  
 Skies softly beautiful, and blue  
 As Italy's, with stars as bright;  
 Flow'rs rich as morning's sun-rise hue,  
 And gorgeous as the gemm'd mid-night.  
 Land of the West! green Forest-Land!  
 Thus hath Creation's bounteous hand,  
 Upon thine ample bosom flung  
 Charms such as were her gift when the gray world was young!

"Land of the West!—where nought is old,  
 Or fading, but Tradition hoary,—  
 Thy yet unwritten annals hold  
 Of many a daring deed the story!  
 Man's might of arm hath here been tried,  
 And Woman's glorious strength of soul,—  
 When War's fierce shout rang far and wide,  
 When vengeful foes at midnight stole  
 On slumbering innocence, and gave  
 Nor onset-shout, nor warning word,  
 Nor nature's strong appealings heard  
 From woman's lips, to "spare and save  
 Her unsuspecting little one,  
 Her only child—her son! her son!"  
 Unheard the supplicating tone,  
 Which ends in now a shriek, and now a deep death-groan!

"Land of the West!—Green Forest-Land!  
 Thine early day for deeds is famed  
 Which in historic page shall stand  
 Till bravery is no longer named.  
 Thine early day!—it nursed a band  
 Of men who ne'er their lineage shamed:  
 The iron-nerved, the bravely good,  
 Who neither spared nor lavish'd blood—  
 Aye *ready*, morn, or night, or noon;  
 Fleet in the race, firm in the field,  
 Their sinewy arms their only shield—  
 Courage to Death alone to yield:  
 The men of Daniel Boon!  
 Their dwelling-place—the 'good green wood';  
 Their favorite haunts—the long arcade,  
 The murmuring and majestic flood,  
 The deep and solemn shade:  
 Where to them came the Word of God,  
 When Storm and Darkness were abroad,  
 Breath'd in the thunder's voice aloud,  
 And writ in lightning on the cloud.  
 And thus they lived: the dead leaves oft,  
 Heap'd by the playful winds, their bed;  
 Nor wish'd they couch more warm or soft:  
 Nor pillow for the head  
 Other than fitting root, or stone,  
 With the scant wood-moss overgrown.  
 Heroic band!—But they have past,  
 As pass the stars at rise of sun,—  
 Melting into the ocean vast  
 Of Time, and sinking, one by one;  
 Yet lingering here and there a few,  
 As if to take a last, long view  
 Of the domain they won in strife  
 With foes who battled to the knife.  
 Peace unto those that sleep beneath us!  
 All honor to the few that yet do linger with us!

"Land of the West!—thine early prime  
 Fades in the flight of hurrying Time;  
 Thy noble forests fall, as sweep  
 Europa's myriads o'er the Deep;  
 And thy broad plains, with welcome warm,  
 Receive the onward-pressing swarm:  
 On mountain height, in lowly vale,  
 By quiet lake, or gliding river,—  
 Wherever sweeps the chainless gale,  
 Onward sweep they, for ever.  
 Oh, may they come with hearts that ne'er  
 Can bend a tyrant's chain to wear;  
 With souls that would indignant turn,  
 And proud Oppression's minions spurn;  
 With nerves of steel, and words of flame,  
 To strike and sear the wretch who'd bring our land to shame!

"Land of the West!—beneath the Heaven  
 There's not a fairer, lovelier clime;  
 Nor one to which was ever given  
 A destiny more high, sublime.  
 From Alleghaney's base, to where  
 Our Western Andes prop the sky—  
 The home of Freedom's hearts is there,  
 And o'er it Freedom's eagles fly.  
 And here,—should e'er Columbia's land  
 Be rent with fierce intestine feud,—  
 Shall Freedom's latest cohorts stand,  
 Till Freedom's eagles sink in blood,  
 And quench'd are all the stars that now her banners stud!"

## TRANSACTIONS OF THE AMERICAN LYCEUM.

SEVENTH YEAR.

*Report of the Philadelphia Lyceum ; read and accepted at the Seventh Annual Meeting of the American Lyceum. Philadelphia, May 5, 1837.—No. 3.*

In presenting a report of the proceedings of the Philadelphia Lyceum for the past year, your delegates feel much need of support and advice from those whose experience in the subject entitles them to respect. In reviewing our past operations in the wide and benevolent cause, we would wish to be understood, not on the one hand, as boasting of our success, nor, on the other as having any desire to depreciate the value of our labors; we feel that a simple statement of facts connected with our Society will be all that will be required of us.

At this time last year, the friends and patrons of our system of moral and intellectual improvement in our city were comparatively few, and the personal exertion bestowed upon it by its friends were of a trivial nature; a good symptom, however, soon occurred, which tended to show that an interest was beginning to be felt in the cause. The frequent calls for information on the Lyceum's proposed plan of operations, and the ends in view, made it manifest that public feeling was about to awake to the importance of the undertaking. All seemed anxious at least to witness some of the operations commenced; and many soon joined our ranks heart and hand. The Philadelphia Lyceum soon began to make rapid progress; and much emulation was excited among its members and others.

Our place of meeting has been in a large room in Fourth Street, between Market and Chesnut Streets, which is kept by Mr. J. Simmons as a school-room, and which he has kindly accommodated the Society with, free of expense.

The first meetings were attended chiefly by schools and teachers, especially females; tickets were sold at a low price, entitling the holder to membership for one year, at the expiration of which the ticket must be renewed. Accompanying this ticket was a small set of minerals, about twelve in number, correctly labelled and neatly put up, with a printed description of each. This was to form the nucleus of a family or social cabinet. This plan has been successful in numerous instances: father, mother, brothers, and sisters, have been induced to add to the little store, until it has been increased from the simple bag of pebbles; and from three to ten, and in some cases even twenty, individuals, have thus been engaged in collecting and studying the productions of nature so profusely scattered around them.

The Lyceum has held meetings every two weeks, on Saturday afternoons, when lectures on the various branches of Demonstrative science have been delivered, in an easy and familiar style, by the members and others. Among the subjects lectured upon we may mention Botany, Mineralogy, Conchology, Physiology, Astronomy, Education, Rhetoric, Elocution, &c. The lecturing department becoming one of considerable interest, as was manifested by the numerous attendance both of members and visitors, it was found convenient to elect an Executive Committee, who should secure lectures, and attend to such other business as the affairs of the Lyceum demanded.



Another branch of our exercises has been discussions. The particular subjects discussed need not perhaps be mentioned, but they have embraced a wide range, and particularly have they had reference to education, and the best means of teaching "the young idea how to shoot." The questions discussed have been selected by the Lyceum from those written by the members, and placed in a box for that purpose.

It may be asked, since we have stated that the members are chiefly female, whether *they* took part in the lectures and discussions? They did so; but in a manner calculated to avoid unpleasant exposure, they resorted to the box; their communications are read by the secretary, and the authoresses remain unknown.

Another feature in our exercises is that of exchanges; curiosities of Nature and art are brought and exhibited, and exchanges are made. The following is our order of business at any ordinary meeting.

1. Reading Minutes; 2. Lecture; 3. Reading the question for discussion; 4. Report of committees; 5. Communications of the box read, and questions referred to committees for solution; 6. Discussion; 7. New business; 8. Adoption of question for discussion at the next meeting, and appointment of a member to open the same. Adjourn.

Our excursions in the neighborhood of the city have been numerous, instructive, and profitable. In them, plants and minerals have been the chief objects of collection.

A brief description of one such excursion may not be uninteresting. We will therefore select one which took place in June last, attended by about 160 individuals, chiefly members of this Society.

A boat on the Schuylkill river was chartered for the day to proceed slowly along the banks of this stream for the purpose of allowing time to ramble through the woods and fields; and thus, while one half of the company were roving over the hills and vales near this romantic river, gathering plants, minerals, &c. depositing them in their portfolios and other receptacles prepared for the occasion, the other half were gently gliding up the stream, viewing at a distance the varied foliage of our deep, rich forests, commenting on the surrounding beauties of the scene, and inhaling the balmy air made fragrant by the flowers on the neighboring banks.

The walking party, on becoming weary, resorted to the boat, while the other landed, and wandered in their turn, to collect more of the curiosities of nature. Having arrived at the mouth of the Wissachicken, a beautiful stream about seven miles from the city, the whole disembarked, prepared a rural repast in the shade of some large and spreading trees, and dined with appetites which had been sharpened by the "morning excursion." After this they separated into numerous little bands; and, after scouring the neighboring fields and woods, returned laden with the spoils of their peregrinations.

The boat was then re-laden; and the whole company, in a short time, landed at our water-works, where, in the large saloon open for visitors at all times, the various parties assembled; and some three or four of the senior members examined the different collections, and made some interesting observations on the properties, botanical arrangement, or other peculiarities of each plant. The plants were then restored to their portfolios, and each delighted and weary little naturalist sought his home, and no doubt found "Nature's sweet restorer" of very easy access.

#### SCHOOLS IN THE CITY.

On the subject of schools in the city proper, we have to state that they are of three descriptions. The first may be termed private, and owe their existence to

the enterprise of private individuals of both sexes. They have nothing remarkable in their organization, or modes of instruction, that we can learn; though each teacher generally has some small peculiarity which may distinguish him from others.

The introduction of music and elocution into our schools is becoming much more general than formerly, especially the latter. This branch of education, which has been almost altogether neglected, or attended to in a very imperfect manner heretofore, and particularly that which teaches the practical part, or the formation of the elementary sounds of our language, is one of the greatest importance in our republican and intelligent country. We have no doubt, indeed, that if the system of elocution, now taught by various distinguished teachers of our city and elsewhere, were introduced generally to our schools, much of the bad pronunciation, and many of the provincialisms in use, would be effectually remedied.

The unpleasant habit of stammering, which was formerly considered incurable, it has been found may be much meliorated, and in many instances entirely cured, by a thorough course of practical instruction in elocution. In this course, which is founded on physiological principles, based on the structure and functions of the human frame, the best and most lasting means are taken to correct the malposition of the organs of voice, as well as to give strength and tone to all the parts accessory to this important function.

The second species of Philadelphia schools, is the Public School, properly so called. This may be divided into the following; 1st, the Primary Schools. Those in the city are of modern date, and we will give a short sketch of their origin in the proper place. 2d, the Infant; and, 3dly, the Monitorial Schools. Many of the last have, however, been given up; and we understand that it is the intention of the managers of the public schools to substitute other forms of teaching, to the entire exclusion of this, as soon as practicable.

The Primary schools were established last year by a committee appointed for the purpose. "In framing the annual estimate," say this committee in their report on the subject, "of the expenses to be charged to the school fund of the city for the year 1836, provision was specifically made for the establishment of Primary schools as a branch of the public system. To accomplish the purposes of this appropriation, the present board of commissioners, at an early period of their official action, appointed a committee with discretionary powers, to establish such a number of Primary schools as might in their judgment be necessary." Soon after their appointment the committee met, and having unreservedly interchanged opinions, and made a careful examination into the wants of the district, they determined, as soon as circumstances would permit, to open and maintain their Primary schools in such parts of the city and incorporated districts as might seem best adapted for the purpose. Of these thirty, it was agreed that fifteen should be situated in the city proper, and fifteen in the other districts; the latter to be distributed in the Northern Liberties, Kensington, Spring Garden, Southwark, and Moyamensing, according to the supposed necessities of their respective inhabitants. It was, for obvious reasons, further agreed, that the schools should be conducted by females; and, with a view to as rigid an economy of the public funds as was consistent with a just compensation to the teachers, the salary to be given to each was fixed at two hundred and fifty dollars per annum.

The course of instruction pursued in the Primary schools, as their name implies, is altogether elementary. Children of both sexes, who are not qualified to enter the reading classes of the higher public schools, are admitted into them; and may remain until they have acquired a rudimental knowledge of spelling

and reading, the first principles of writing, and some of the simple rules of arithmetic.

In this way the schools are made subsidiary to those of a higher grade, for which they have in constant training a large number of pupils, who are transferred as soon as they become sufficiently familiar with the studies above named. "In addition to this consideration," (the committee remark,) "there are obvious advantages resulting from a primary department, auxiliary to, and co-operating with, other branches of the general system of public education. Heretofore the efficiency of the large schools has been greatly interfered with, and their usefulness materially lessened, by the constant demands which the instruction of very young and untaught children made upon the time of the teachers. The removal of all who are unable to read to the Primary schools, will, it is believed, entirely remedy this evil. Relieved from this burden, the attention of the teachers will now be directed with greater vigour, and with better prospects of success, to the advancement of the higher classes. Branches of study hitherto unknown in our public schools, or at least but slightly cultivated, will now be introduced, and prosecuted with becoming earnestness; better and stronger impulses will be awakened in the minds of the scholars; and, in view of the judicious regulations of the board of comptrollers in reference to competent assistants, and their proposition to endow the high school on a most liberal foundation, it is not unreasonable to hope, that, at no very distant period, the public schools of Philadelphia will not suffer upon comparison with the most boasted similar institutions of other cities."

"In May last, a committee of the comptrollers was instructed to proceed to Boston and New-York, to examine the public schools of those cities, with a view to the introduction, if practicable, of any improvements which greater experience and longer practice might have created in those institutions. This duty was promptly entered upon, and much valuable information collected. The committee consisted of Messrs. G. M. Justice, Morton McMichael, T. G. Hollingsworth, and the president of the board.

"The introduction of additional teachers, an increase of compensation, and a different distribution of labor, have already been carried into effect in this city, tending to approximate our schools more to the models examined in those cities; and, above all, to dispense, in part at least, with the imperfect aid of juvenile monitors."

The stigma of poverty, once the only title of admission to our public schools, has, at the solicitation of the comptrollers, been erased from our statute book; and the schools of this city and county are now open to every child that draws the breath of life within our borders. What may not be accomplished by this mighty lever of universal education!

The third division embraces those schools which are peculiarly under the care of that very respectable class of our citizens, termed Friends. They have 14 schools, styled corporation schools, under a charter granted by William Penn in the year 1687—supposed to contain about 600 scholars; 2 select schools under the care of the city monthly meetings, containing 140 children; 1 Infant school under the care of an association of women Friends, containing 60 children; the shelter for Colored Orphans, containing 40 children, in the Adelphi school, incorporated by the legislature; one for Infants, about 150; and a Colored school of 50 children.

To return to the Lyceums. Impressed with the importance of extending the system as much as possible, and allowing others the privilege enjoyed by members of Lyceums already established, our members have been active in forming others in various parts of the city. These are either *local*, *family*, or *social* Lyceums; and have adopted appropriate names. The largest has the title of the



*Northern Lyceum.* This has been, and is, one of the most efficient and industrious in our neighborhood, as its report will no doubt show. Among the social and family Lyceums may be mentioned the *Arch Street Lyceum*, *The Needles Lyceum*, *The Hannah Moore* and *Sigourney Lyceums*. These embrace among their members many of the intelligent youth of both sexes in our city. One of these associations, during the last year, has collected, dried, neatly labelled, and put up in paper, nearly a thousand plants, obtained from the neighboring fields and districts. They have also collected a very interesting cabinet of minerals and natural curiosities of various descriptions; besides a considerable number of books on science, history, the arts, &c. A report from this, as well as the other Lyceums mentioned, will, we hope, be presented by the members.

The *Excursions* of these Lyceums are conducted nearly in the same manner as those of the Philadelphia Lyceum. They have weekly meetings at the houses of the members in turn, generally about once a week; and have short lectures, discussions, essays, and readings.

They establish a *correspondence* with their friends in all parts of the Union, and make *exchanges* of every thing interesting to them in science or art. In their excursions they generally appoint one of their number to act as *reporter*, whose duty it is to draw up an account of all that has interested them, or that has been collected by the members.

Our modes of operation are, in fact, similar to those of the philosophers and sages of old; our meeting rooms are our "porticos," and the wild woods our "academic groves." We have, however, this advantage over the ancient schools of philosophy and science, that, instead of our members or operations being restricted to a few, and those the initiated, we invite all to partake with us. No oath of secrecy is enjoined on our members: on the contrary, we are anxious that every kindred, nation, and tongue shall enter with us into the magnificent temple of the Creator, and enjoy the highest bliss to mortal given,—communion with the works of nature, and, through them, with the Great Source of all knowledge, goodness, and happiness.

In conclusion: of our colleagues in this noble undertaking we ask, shall this work be staid in its onward course? of our fellow-citizens we may well inquire, will you not devote your whole energies to the support and furtherance of a system that offers so many and important advantages for the moral, intellectual, and physical improvement of our countrymen? We know no barrier, we will recognize no limits, to the extension of the culture of the heart and mind. We court, nay, we implore, the assistance of all our fellow-citizens in this noble object. "Thus, and thus only, shall we rear up successors worthy of those ancestors from whom under God we hold our present blessings—thus only shall we form fit guardians and supporters of equal laws and enduring freedom. An ignorant people always have been, and always will be, a degraded and oppressed people; they are always at the mercy of the corrupt and designing. In vain shall we trust to physical strength to guard us from foreign hostility or domestic violence—to a sea-coast girt with a thousand fortresses—or a frontier bristling with countless bayonets—to armies, fleets, or military skill, if we fail to cultivate the *moral* strength of our people, to enlighten the intellect, to purify the heart, and stamp upon the character that feeling of independence which is only founded upon *knowledge* and *self-respect*. If we fail, BY EDUCATION, to awaken, guide, and confirm the moral energies of our people, we are lost.



## MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

**PAUPER IMMIGRATION.**—We are glad to see that our countrymen are alive upon this matter. The seaports of Europe seem bent upon converting the United States into a lazaret; and the unhappy wretches who are ejected from their own country by those who have helped to keep them poor, are disgorged upon our land as the fitting receptacle for all

“The slime that Europe breeds in her decay.”

“During the present year,” says the mayor of New-York, “it is probable that a greater number of foreigners than in any previous year will come direct to this city, exclusive of the thousands who will land at other ports, and soon reach us. A large portion of these people generally consist of women and infants, and many of them sickly or crippled persons, who pay nearly all their substance for a passage to our shores, and who have little remaining with which to procure even a scanty subsistence. Scarcely a vessel arrives from certain ports of Europe with steerage passengers, which does not increase the applicants for admission into our almshouse. Crowded together, poorly clad, lodged and fed on their voyages as thousands of them are, they must be sickly and miserable on arrival. It has become worthy of your dispassionate and most profound deliberation, whether our present system shall be continued without variation, or whether application shall be made to the proper power to amend the laws affecting the introduction of alien passengers; whether you will recommend a new practice in regard to commutation, or whether that proceeding shall be altogether dispensed with, and the most ample security required in all cases against such passengers becoming a charge upon the city. The facts in the case call for prompt action. Here, individual enterprise is in a measure paralyzed; business of every kind is almost destroyed; and it may happen that even our public works must, for a time, be suspended; it will be extremely difficult for the laborer to obtain employment. The coming winter will find our citizens not less charitable in feeling, but far less able than formerly, to continue their private subscriptions and contributions; and the common council will doubtless be solicited for greater aid than has usually been given for the support of all the charitable institutions; the out-door poor will be increased, and will be more than usually earnest in their entreaties.” We are very sorry to see, by communications in the newspapers, that some misjudging foreigners of respectability are willing to identify themselves with these hapless outcasts, by taking umbrage at the remarks which the late importations of British paupers have elicited from the American press. Nothing can tend more to deteriorate the character of our democracy than these periodical infusions of degraded hordes among them. The theoretical operation of republicanism is to rear a race of intelligent and high-minded freemen, whose personal, mental, and moral characteristics will not be less marked than the best qualities of the best *castes* in countries where fixed rank obtains; in a word, to make a heterogeneous democratic race, the aristocracy of mankind. The various admixture of Europeans that has taken place upon our soil, has thus far been favorable to the creation and improvement of such a stock. The Puritan ancestors of English liberty, the Dutch opposers of Spanish tyranny, the Huguenot reformers of bigot-ridden France, each supplied their representatives to form the germ of a population, since swelled by the ardent yeomanry of Ireland, and the enterprising, among the middle classes, from every land in Christendom. We have long since, however, got all we want from Europe; and the depreciated importations she now sends us can only serve to assimilate the mass of population to the worst of hers, and almost make us wish, with one of the most enlightened fathers of the republic, that there was “a wall of brass between the old world and the new.”

**THE CHILDREN OF THE REPUBLIC.**—The mayor of New-York, in his late message to the common council, very properly observes, that, of all the charities of the city, there is perhaps none more attractive, or which more fully attests their wisdom and benevolence, than the institution known as the "Long Island Farms." These schools contain three hundred and seventy-one boys and one hundred and forty-one girls: and at this place and at Bellevue, one hundred and eighty-nine infants. The schools continue to be ably conducted; proper nurses and good clothing are provided for the children; and they are considered, in every respect, as the "*children of the republic*;" and, at a proper age, are bound out to suitable trades and occupations, with provision for their good treatment, maintenance, and instruction. There has been no case of ophthalmia at the Long Island Farms during the past year.

**MINERAL WEALTH OF VIRGINIA.**—Every day affords additional evidence of the great mineral wealth of the Old Dominion. There are several rich gold mines in successful operation, and within a short time past several rich veins of copper ore have been discovered, and the brightest prospect held out to the enterprising proprietors, of valuable results.

**CHRONOLOGICAL OF COTTON.**—The Milledgeville (Geo.) Journal has compiled an impartial view of the introduction to the use, and mutations of price in the history of cotton, which, although it is the staple commodity of this country, is an article that, above all others, shows the most sensitive action on the slightest approach of a change, no matter what causes the commotion:

- 1730. Mr. Wyatt spins the first cotton yarn in England by machinery.
- 1735. The Dutch first export cotton from Surinam.
- 1742. First mill for spinning cotton erected at Birmingham, moved by mules or horses, but not successful in its operations.
- 1749. The fly shuttle generally used in England.
- 1756. Cotton-velvets and quilting made in England for the first time.
- 1761. Arkwright obtained the first patent for the spinning frame, which he further improved.
- 1768. The stocking frame applied by Hammond to the making of lace.
- 1773. A bill passed to prevent the export of machinery used in cotton factories.
- 1779. Mule spinning invented by Hargrave.
- 1782. First import of raw cotton from Brazil into England.
- 1782. Watt took out his patent for the steam-engine.
- 1783. A bounty granted in England on the export of certain cotton goods.
- 1785. Power looms invented by Dr. Cartwright. Steam engines used in cotton factories.
- 1786. Bleaching first performed by the agency of oxymuriatic acid.
- 1787. First machinery to spin cotton put in operation in France.
- 1789. Sea Island cotton first planted in the U. S. and Upland cotton first cultivated for use and export about this time.
- 1790. Salter, an Englishman, builds the first American cotton factory at Pawtucket, R. I.
- 1792. Eli Whitney, an American, invents the cotton gin, which he patents.
- 1798. First mill and machinery for cotton erected in Switzerland.
- 1799. Spinning by machinery introduced into Saxony this year.
- 1803. First cotton factory built in New Hampshire.
- 1805. Power looms successfully and widely introduced into England.
- 1807. The revolution in Spanish America begins to furnish new markets for cotton manufactories.
- 1810. Digest of cotton manufactures in the U. S. by Mr. Gallatin, and another by Tench Cox, Esq. of Philadelphia.
- 1811. Machinery to make bobbin lace patented by John Burn.
- 1813. The India trade more free, and more British manufactures sent there.
- 1815. The power-loom introduced into the U. S. first at Waltham.
- 1818. Average price of cotton 34 cents—higher than since 1810. New method of preparing sewing cotton by Mr. Holt.
- 1819. Extraordinary prices for Alabama cotton lands.

1820. Steam power first applied with success extensively to lace manufactures.

1822. First cotton factory in Lowell erected.

1823. First export of raw cotton from Egypt into Great Britain.

1825. In New Orleans, cotton at from 23 to 25 cents per pound.

1826. Self-acting mule-spinner patented in England by Roberts.

1827. American cotton manufactures first exported to any considerable extent.

1829. Highest duty in the U. S. on foreign cotton manufactures.

1830. About this time Mr. Dyer introduced a machine from the United States into England for the purpose of making cards.

1832. Duty on cotton goods imported into the U. S. reduced one half, and in England it is forbid to employ minors in cotton mills for more than nine hours on a Saturday: in consequence they work at something else.

1834. Cotton at 17 cents.

1835. Extensive purchases made of cotton lands by speculators and others.

1836. The season began at 16 cents, and ended at 20 cents.

1837. Cotton reached 22 cents, and then —

**THE BEN SHERROD.**—The burning of the steamer Ben Sherrod on the Mississippi, in May last, with the loss of *one hundred and fifty human lives*, is one of those horrible casualties which could occur (so murderously inefficient, so inadequate to the protection of life, are our laws) in no land but America. The journals of the day have acquainted all readers with the harrowing particulars, and we need not repeat them. It is sufficient to say that the catastrophe happened *of course* (when does such an accident happen in the United States otherwise than of course?) in consequence of criminal carelessness on the part of those to whom the wretched victims had committed their safety. The boat was *racing*, the firemen were supplied with liquor, a barrel at a time, the passengers were asleep; the boat took fire from the furnaces, the tiller-ropes were burnt: the rest may be imagined. But a few weeks or months before, it is said that a number of passengers from the same steamer were drowned in consequence of the captain (*then*, also, engaged in racing,) attempting to put them ashore in his yawl instead of coming to at the landing. In the last and closing tragedy, he is reported to have lost his father and only child; for which reason his friends entreat a suspension of public opinion. In our opinion, that circumstance, if there was fault at all, adds to it double criminality.

It is really time that something should be done to abate the alarming frequency of steam boat accidents in the United States, particularly in the West and South. Public opinion—a tribunal we are fast learning to defy—will never arrest the evil. The avarice of steam boat owners, who build high-pressure engines, because cheaper than the safer condensing engines; the pride and emulation of captains, who think the disgrace of being beaten by another boat more dreadful than the prospect of blowing a dozen souls into eternity; the inflammable spirits even of passengers themselves, who so often encourage their commanders to a race; are adverse to every hope of improvement. Nothing but the strong arm of the law can put down the evil, and it should be interposed without further delay.

**FAIRMOUNT IN MINIATURE.**—An extremely ingenious and beautiful model, on a large scale, of the Philadelphia Water-works is now exhibiting in Chesnut Street,—rocks, trees, buildings, reservoirs, fountains, and all,—a perfect fac-simile of the original. It deserves repeated inspections, and will enable our friends of other places (for, we doubt not, it will be carried from city to city,) to make the acquaintance of the chief lion of Philadelphia without stirring from their own strongholds.



**PONDRETTE.**—The manufacture of this new species of manure will introduce an invaluable improvement into the economy of both city and country.

Messrs. Payen and Buran, of Paris, have discovered a composition which disinfects human excrement and all animal substances, and renders them the most fertilizing manure, perfectly free from any obnoxious odor, and in a pulverized state, now manufacture it on a large scale in France, where it is generally used.

The enterprising Mr. D. K. Minor of New-York is now using his efforts to introduce the manufacture of pondrette into that city; thereby converting one of the greatest nuisances of a crowded metropolis into a source of revenue, and at the same time essentially benefiting agriculture. An extract from a report made to the Horticultural Society of Paris, by the Viscount Debonnaire de Gif, states that, "The result of my examination of the effect produced by this new manure in horticultural proceedings is this: that this pulverized compound appears to hasten the development of vegetables, and consequently accelerates their fructification; that it does not possess the bad quality of containing the seeds of weeds; that it improves by degrees the soil, and produces more abundant crops; and it can, consequently, be applied to garden plants, which exhaust the soil; nor does it impart any disagreeable flavor to fruits or vegetables. It likewise adds considerably to the growth and beauty of the dahlia and other bulbous roots. The facility of its conveyance is also a great recommendation."

**THE SOUTH AMERICAN CURE FOR THE HYDROPHOBIA.**—This dreadful disease is extremely common in violent heats of summer. The wild beasts in a country but ill supplied with streams, and in the long summer with all those streams dried up, tear their flesh in agony with this disease: the wolves and all of the dog kind are the especial sufferers; but the jaguars, or tigers, and perhaps all that roam the sandy plains, are seized with this fury; accidents are, of course, common among the hunters, herdsmen, and the people of the lower ranks in general; but they excite comparatively little terror from the frequency and simplicity of the cure. This is effected by taking two or three doses of a powdered root, which seems something of the hellebore genus. This root throws the patient into the most copious perspiration: the second day generally completes the cure, though the patient remains weak for a time. This is better than smothering between two mattresses, or killing with laudanum, after six weeks agony of suspense and a week of frenzy. It is remarkable, that this root acts in the same manner as the only medicines which have been found as a palliative of this terrible disease in Europe. *Sudorifics* alone seem to have produced any effect here; and some instances of the singular force of the vapor bath in quieting the paroxysms, have been given within these few years, which may lead to a more skilful treatment. Blackwood's Magazine says "That all this, however, has been told to English surgeons already; the root in question has even been brought to England and administered; but, as is reported, without effect. Still, while we know how hard it is to convince any man, even an hospital surgeon, against his will, what slight circumstances may be taken advantage of, and what important ones may be neglected, where the mind of the experimentalist is not in favor of the operation; we must suspend our belief that the root which had so plainly wrought its cure in South America becomes utterly useless in crossing the Atlantic. We hope that trials will continue to be made. The man who shall succeed in bringing the hydrophobia within the power of European medicine, will deserve the highest gratitude of Europe, and would doubtless receive the most valuable testimonials of the liberality of England."

**WESTERN TRADE OF PENNSYLVANIA.**—New-York will have to be on the qui vive, or the Key-Stone state will steal such a march upon her as not to be overtaken. From the 1st April to 1st Oct. 1836, there were exported from Pittsburg, east on the canal—of Bacon, 3,619,000 lbs.; Lard, 210,455 do; Flour, 39,378 bbls; Feathers, 49,875 lbs; Deer Skins, 85,472 do; Tobacco, 4,144,525 do.; Wool,



816,177 do. The amount in bulk of various articles of merchandize, sent from Pittsburg down the Ohio, or brought to it, during the year 1836, is estimated at 146,400 tons. The tonnage of the various steam boats subject to wharfage for the same time, amounted to 74,734 tons. 30,000,000 feet of lumber are annually brought down the Alleghany, and sent down the Ohio.

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**CHALK AND WATER.**—Such is the great thickness of the chalk formation on the left bank of the Seine, that in boring for water they have reached the great depth of 1200 French feet, which is equal to 1305 English, without success. [If they persist in boring, and get down to 2000 feet, the water will come up at a heat of thirty-five degrees, so as to supply the warm baths without fuel.]

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**TIDES.**—According to recent and accurate observations, the tide wave travels from the Cape of Good Hope to Gibraltar, a distance of nearly 5000 miles, in the incredibly short period of 12 hours, which is at the rate of above 400 miles an hour. The same wave requires 12 hours to reach Edinburgh from Gibraltar, a distance of about 1900 miles, and proceeds with a velocity of 160 miles an hour; whereas that from Edinburgh to London, only 500 miles, requires the same time of 12 hours, and goes at the rate of 42 miles an hour. These retardations in the rate of velocity of the tide wave are occasioned by the obstruction it receives from the coast it comes in contact with. At Liverpool it is found that a fall of one tenth of an inch in the barometer raises the tide one inch, which is a beautiful illustration of the law of gravitation.

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**ANOTHER MOON HOAX.**—A narrative detailing the discovery, in the interior of New Holland, of a highly civilized people remotely descended from the English, has been published in England under the editorship of Lady Mary Fox. This work, says an English paper, on many accounts, is likely to excite the greatest attention.

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**A SIXTH CONTINENT.**—An extraordinary phenomenon, presented in the Southern Ocean, may render our settlements in New South Wales of still more eminent importance. A sixth continent is in the very act of growth before our eyes! The Pacific is spotted with islands through the immense space of nearly fifty degrees of longitude and as many of latitude. Every one of these islands seems to be merely a central spot for the formation of coral banks, which, by a perpetual progress, are rising from the unfathomable depths of the sea. The union of a few of these masses of rock shapes itself into an island; the seeds of plants are carried to it by the birds or by the waves; and from the moment that it overtops the waters it is covered with vegetation. The new island constitutes, in its turn, a centre of growth to another circle. The great powers of nature appear to be still in peculiar activity in this region; and to her tardier process she sometimes takes the assistance of the volcano and earthquake. From the south of New Zealand to the North of the Sandwich Islands, the waters absolutely teem with those future seats of civilization. Still the coral insect, the diminutive builder of these mighty piles, is at work; the ocean is intersected with myriads of those lines of foundation; and when the rocky superstructure shall have excluded the sea, then will come the dominion of man.—*Liverpool Paper.*

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**STATISTICS.**—The yearly value of the whole agricultural produce of England and Wales may be estimated at about 132,000,000*l.*, and that of Scotland at about 23,000,000*l.*, making a gross sum of about 155,000,000*l.* Now, deducting from the amount 12,000,000*l.* for the value of seed, and the sums required to keep up the stock of horses, &c., we have the sum of 143,000,000*l.* as representing the

entire value of the various articles of agricultural produce annually consumed by man. At present, (1836,) the population of Great Britain may be taken at 18,000,000, which consequently gives 8*l.*, or so, for the average annual consumption of each individual. The annual value of the agricultural produce of Ireland does not exceed 45,000,000*l.* Now, if we deduct 6,000,000*l.* for the value of seed, and of the sums required to replace horses, &c., 3,500,000*l.* for the value remitted in the shape of rent, &c. to absentee proprietors, we have 35,500,000*l.* pounds to be distributed among the resident population; which, as the latter may be taken at about 8,500,000, gives nearly 4*l.* 3*s.* to each.

The number of young men in France liable to be drawn for the army, in 1834, contained 326,298 names; that for 1833 was made up of 285,805 names. The following is a comparative statement of the state of education of these two classes:

	1834.	1833.
Able to read and write,	155,839	132,425
Able to read only,	11,784	11,228
Unable either to read or write,	149,195	131,011
State of education not ascertained,	9,480	11,141

ANCIENT AND MODERN DEMOCRACIES.—“ We should remove some very important prejudices from our minds, if we could once subscribe to a fact plain in itself, but which the contests of modern party have utterly obscured—that in the mere forms of their government the Greek republics cannot fairly be pressed into the service of those who in existing times would attest the evils, or proclaim the benefits, of constitutions purely democratic. In the first place they were *not* democracies, even in their most democratic shape; the vast majority of the working-classes were the enslaved population. And therefore, to increase the popular tendencies of the republic was, in fact, only to increase the liberties of the few. We may fairly doubt whether the worst evils of the ancient republics, in the separation of ranks and the war between rich and poor, were not the necessary results of slavery. We may doubt, with equal probability, whether much of the lofty spirit, and the universal passion for public affairs, whence emanated the enterprise, the competition, the patriotism, and the glory of the ancient cities, could have existed without a subordinate race to carry on the drudgeries of daily life. It is clear, also, that much of the intellectual greatness of the several states arose from the exceeding smallness of their territories, the concentration of internal power, and the perpetual emulation with neighboring and kindred states nearly equal in civilization; it is clear, too, that much of the vicious parts of their character, and yet much of their more brilliant, arose from the absence of the PRESS. Their intellectual state was that of men *talked* to, not *written* to. Their imagination was perpetually called forth—their deliberative reason rarely; they were the fitting audience for an orator, whose art is effective in proportion to the impulse and the passion of those he addresses.

“ Nor must it be forgotten that the representative system, which is the proper conductor of the democratic action, if not wholly unknown to the Greeks, and if unconsciously practised in the Spartan ephoralty, was at least never existent in the more democratic states. And assemblies of the whole people are compatible only with those small nations of which the city is the country. Thus, it would be impossible for us to propose the abstract constitution of any ancient state as a warning or an example to modern countries which possess territories large in extent, which subsist without a slave population, which substitute representative councils for popular assemblies, and which direct the intellectual tastes and political habits of a people, not by oratory and conversation, but through the more calm and dispassionate medium of the press. This principle settled, it may perhaps be generally conceded, that on comparing the democracies of Greece with all other contemporary forms of government, we find them the most favorable to mental cultivation—not more exposed than others to internal revolutions—usually in fact, more durable, more mild and civilized in their laws; and that the worst, tyranny of the Demos, whether at home or abroad, never equalled that of an oligarchy or a single ruler. That in which the ancient republics are properly a model to us, consists not in the form, but the spirit of their legislation. They teach us that patriotism is best promoted by bringing all classes into public and constant intercourse, that intellect is most luxuriant wherever the competition is

widest and most unfettered, and that legislators can create no rewards and invent no penalties equal to those which are silently engendered by society itself, while it maintains, elaborated into a system, the desire of glory and the dread of shame."

The above is from Mr. Bulwer's *Letters from Athens* lately published by the Harpers, a work in which the popular author has put forth some of his best reflections in his happiest style.

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**CHEAP BREAD.**—The following extract from Barton's tables on the Poor-law system, shows the importance of cheap bread in sustaining life. The return comprises seven manufacturing districts in England, distinct from each other.

Years.	Price of wheat per qr.	Deaths.
1801,	118s. 3d.	55,965
1804,	60s. 1d.	44,794
1807,	73s. 3d.	48,108
1810,	106s. 2d.	54,864

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**EFFECTS OF EMIGRATION.**—In the majority of European nations, the disturbing effect of migration is scarcely sensible; Ireland is, probably, the only exception. North America gains from migration just what Great Britain and Ireland together lose from migration. The average gain to North America, previous to 1820, is stated not to have exceeded ten thousand annually; but since that year the numbers emigrating to the Canadas and the United States have greatly increased. During the five years 1825-29, North America received from Great Britain and Ireland 23,047 people annually; during the five years 1830-35, the average number was 73,442 annually. During the four years 1829-32, the mean number of emigrants arriving annually at New-York and Quebec was 57,053, of which there were from England and Wales 23,851, from Ireland 27,241, and from Scotland 5961. We may say then of England and Wales alone, that the annual loss from emigration was 4000 previous to 1820, 9000 at the year 1827, and 30,000 at the year 1832. The mean annual increase of the population of England and Wales, from 1820 to 1830, was 180,000. Taking the mean annual number of emigrants at this period to have been 8000, it will form less than the 22d part of the excess of births over deaths. The mean number of births at the same period having been not less than 450,000 annually, the loss from emigration was not more than the 55th part of this number. During the ten years 1820-30, the population of England and Wales must have been diminishing from migration, if the number of emigrants from Ireland did not quite amount to eight thousand annually.—*Edmonds on Population.*

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**AMERICAN ANTHOLOGY.**—We are happy to learn, from a prospectus issued from the publishing establishment of Wiley and Putnam, that several capable persons have addressed themselves to the task of collecting the fugitive poetry of the country, with the intention of intermingling it with choice pieces by writers of established reputation, so as to make up several volumes, under the title of "American Anthology." Some of the best things that were ever written have been composed by those who have thrown off an occasional copy of verses, and then abandoned the muse entirely. Our newspapers abound with these *waifs* of genius, many of which, like the following beautiful lines from the Providence Journal, should be snatched from the waters of oblivion, and preserved in such a volume.

GO FORTH INTO THE FIELDS.—BY W. J. P.

"The world is too much with us."—WORDSWORTH.

Go forth into the fields,  
Ye denizens of the pent city's mart!  
Go forth, and know the gladness nature yields  
To the care-wearied heart.

Leave ye the feverish strife,  
The jostling, eager, self-devoted throng:  
Ten thousand voices, waked anew to life,  
Call you with sweetest song.

Hark! from each fresh clad bough,  
Or blissful soaring in the golden air,  
Bright birds, with joyous music, bid you now  
To spring's loved haunts repair.

The silvery gleaming rills  
Lure with soft murmurs from the grassy lea;  
Or gaily dancing down the sunny hills,  
Call loudly in their glee!

And the young, wanton breeze,  
With breath all odorous from her blossomy chase,  
In voice low whispering, 'mong the embowering trees,  
Woos you to her embrace.

Go—breathe the air of heaven,  
Where violets meekly smile upon your way;  
Or on some pine-crowned summit, tempest riven,  
Your wandering footsteps stray.

Seek ye the solemn wood,  
Whose giant trunks a verdant roof uprear,  
And listen, while the roar of some far flood  
Thrills the young leaves with fear!

Stand by the tranquil lake,  
Sleeping 'mid willowy banks of emerald dye,  
Save when the wild bird's wing its surface break,  
Chequering the mirrored sky—

And if within your breast,  
Hallowed to Nature's touch one chord remain;  
If aught save worldly honors find you blest,  
Or hope of sordid gain;—

A strange delight shall thrill,  
A quiet joy brood o'er you like a dove;  
Earth's placid beauty shall your bosom fill,  
Stirring its depths with love.

O, in the calm, still hours,  
The holy Sabbath hours, when sleeps the air,  
And heaven and earth, decked with her beauteous flowers,  
Lie hushed in breathless prayer,—

Pass ye the proud fane by,  
The vaulted aisles, by flaunting folly trod,  
And, 'neath the temple of the uplifted sky,  
Go forth, and worship God!"